



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 29 – Number 3

July 2011

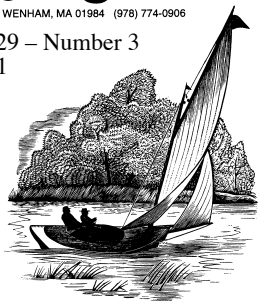
Special Features This Issue
Springtime Sailing Comes to Cortez – Canyon Time
Judy Lanet in Irish Waters – Oyster Run
Musings About Messing About in (Shanty) Boats



messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 29 – Number 3
July 2011



US subscription price is \$32 for one year.
Canadian / overseas subscription prices are
available upon request
Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906
There is no machine
Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
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or problems, contact:
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maib.office@gmail.com

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 5 Book Review
- 6 Springtime Sailing Comes to Cortez
- 8 That "Happy Place"
- 9 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: Celebrity Row
- 12 Canyon Time
- 22 *Jady Lane* in Irish Waters
- 25 Oyster Run
- 29 Poseidon Visit
- 30 Boatbuilding with Burnham
- 32 My City Island Years: Part 2
- 34 Beyond the Horizon
- 36 Not Scratch Built & other Boatshop Stuff
- 38 In My Shop
- 40 She Floats
- 41 Four Bolger Boats
- 42 Musings About Messing About in
(Shanty) Boats
- 45 Enjoying our *Luna*
- 46 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design:
The "Payson Joint"
- 48 Gluing MDO
- 49 Pedal-Sanpram
- 50 From the Lee Rail
- 51 Trade Directory
- 57 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

2 – *Messing About in Boats*, July 2011



Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Well, looky here, a new illustration for this page replacing the aging head shot I've run for a number of years. This new one places me at a greater distance so the onslaught of age is not so noticeable (it's more favorable to be viewed as a "20-footer" than a "3-footer"!) and being posed in my kayak attempts to show that I still do get afloat, in however restrained and conservative a manner.

I cannot recall now how long ago it was when reader Scott Baldwin suggested he do an illustration for this column based on a then contemporary photo I was using. I could find out by leafing back through the archives but I don't think I'll bother. Now, after however many years it has been, Scott has again suggested he draw up some new graphics to re-invigorate our pages. This column's head and that on the following "You write to us about..." page are the initial efforts. There will be more forthcoming to enliven other regular features which appear on these pages.

Scott does really nice work, all sorts of illustrations, many boat related. You should have a look at his website to gain appreciation for his talent: www.ironworksgraphics.com/boatdrawings.html. If you'd like a broader overview of his other work just drop the bits after the / mark.

This sort of low level change creeps into the magazine as the years go by. I never felt the urge to do the sort of makeover from time to time which seems to afflict the art directors of other periodicals which I read (boating and non-boating). It's always seemed easier and simpler to me to just carry on in the same old format. I grew up reading *Readers' Digest* and *The National Geographic*, and until both decided to cash in by selling advertising space they were reliably familiar year after year. So why not?

As I prow the archives here at random when I get requests for copies of bygone articles I realize how little the overall format has changed. Major changes were being able to print lots more photos after computers eliminated the limitation imposed by the costly halftones of earlier printing processes, and the settling on the current type face choice of "Times," now many years ago, for its readability in small (9 point) size and maximum number of characters per page. The text is still set in three column (occasionally two) 2.25" wide justified

format, and having no art director here to insist that we wallpaper pages with photos and illustrations and then overprint the text, we've retained reasonable textual clarity for actually reading what is there.

Looking back now from way out here at this end of my life I am comfortable with having held onto who and what I have found most rewarding. Topping the list is a 59-year (and counting) marriage to Jane, who still works alongside me on the magazine as she did back when we began all this publication stuff in 1959. Next up is the 74 years of living in this old house, 55 of them with Jane, our only family home and a most comfortable one. Third would be most of a working lifetime (now 52 years and also counting) publishing our small magazines, all three of which remained essentially unchanged in format (if not in size) over their life spans (20 years, 14 years and now 29 years and still counting).

When I decided three years ago to go from a twice monthly to a monthly with *MAIB* (the postage for 24 mailings a year had become unsupportable) I wondered how I would feel about the changeover, and how you would feel. It was a major change for us, but it made getting out the magazine somewhat less time consuming day to day. A plus. I anticipate no further need for such major changes. We survive mostly on your subscriptions, with an assist from a loyal bunch of advertisers, most of whom have been with us for many, many years. So the economic vicissitudes afflicting us today have not had much impact on our finances. If \$32 a year is unaffordable then life indeed has some seriously pressing demands

I was planning to talk about all this in the May issue which started off our 29th year, but as I explained in that issue, the sudden news of the death of Dynamite Payson diverted my attention towards that sad occasion and its reminding me of my own mortality (he was only two years older than me!) So now belatedly I have brought to you a few of my thoughts on where we are here at *MAIB* and how I view the years ahead, carrying on pretty much in the same old proven format for the rest of my working life. It could be a while yet, as my mother lived to 100 (+34 days) and was fully functional (at reduced level of effort) until her final year. I know she expects me, her first-born son, to do the same.

On the Cover...

Our wilderness canoeing adventurer, Dick Winslow, was off to the Southwest last season, far from his usual haunts in Maine and nearby Canada, to savor an extended canoe trip down Utah's San Juan River. "Canyon Time," his full report with lotsa photos, is featured in this issue.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)
Copyright 2006 by Matthew Goldman

"If there is magic on this planet, it is contained in water" (Loren Eiseley, *The Immense Journey*). I suppose I could use this quote just about anywhere. Loren Eiseley, the poet and anthropologist, is one of my favorite writers: a sensitive, informed, and literate soul to whom I bonded thirty years ago. How can I share with you all the memoirists to whom I've bonded this previous half-century? Barbara Kingsolver, Paul Theroux, Henry Thoreau, E. B. White, May Sarton, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman, Anne Morrow Lindbergh. People who told it like it was and, hopefully, may yet be.

I could go on and on about writing and writers and my own aspirations concerning the craft and art. I've written and written but, unfortunately, the bill collector still assails my door and, last time I tried to shoot him, I nearly clipped a whisker off the Pusslet. Sailing off into the sunset only adds interest to my debts and, besides, the glare hurts my eyes. Nevertheless, it's proved the best choice, so far.

I meant to tell you today about Cuttyhunk Island, where I spent a couple of restful days aboard my small sloop, *MoonWind*, while the faded small craft warning snapped and tattered. It doesn't rain. The wind blows a bit and the seas jump up and down. The chop in this sheltered harbor proves insignificant. I decide to spend some time ashore rather than cooped up in my cabin. I row to the dinghy dock, tie off my Whitehall pulling boat, and walk up the hill to the little white building alongside the tiny schoolhouse.

I discover the Cuttyhunk Public Library. Built in 1892, it hasn't grown since, though not from lack of watering, and the bookshelves threaten to burst. This time of year, we find the librarians doing most of the reading. I'm looking for such prosaic things as the history of this island and Gosnold's Tower or anything else to further embellish these journals.

The two ladies who keep the library serviceable prove helpful. They do a map quest to enable me to navigate behind their formidable desk and stride the 12' to the far end of non-fiction. I find what I want and then a bit more and lots of things I wasn't looking for: a book on Picasso, a book on Norman Rockwell; Modernism, Impressionism, the Masters. Everything from DiVinci to Matisse, from Klee to Oldenburg. I seem to have stumbled upon the Fine Arts section. This is why bookshops and libraries prove more inspiring than the Web. Books just jump out at me and I'm forced to pause and peruse them.

I wend amid the classics of modern literature. I extract *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and read John Donne's momentous quote, from which the title is taken; reread the last ten pages. I haven't looked into this book for forty years. The weeping Maria, the resolute Pilar, the noble, shattered end of Robert Jordan.

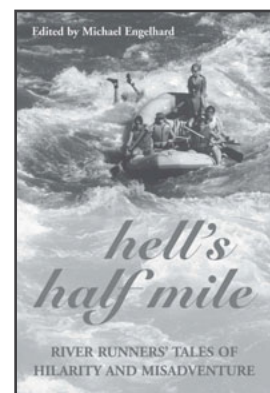
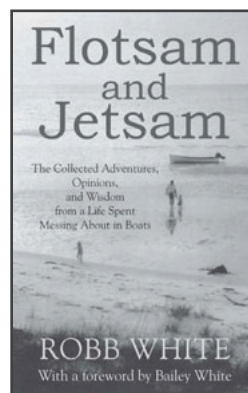
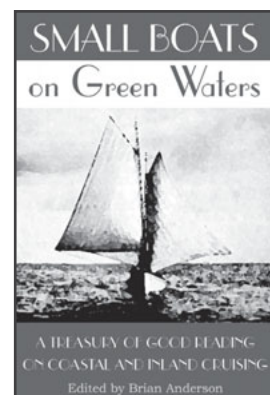
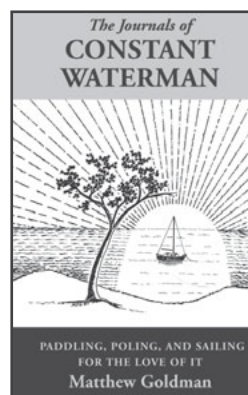
I wander throughout the Dewey Decimal System. Some of the representative works are familiar; some appear as though they ought to be. I browse and sample, thumb some oft-thumbed pages, scan jacket reviews, read last pages first. I'm an author at large, the most reprehensible type of reader known.

I look through the children's section. They have about fifteen Oz books and a dozen Doctor Dolittles and most of the Mother West Wind Stories and millions of soothing words I haven't whispered in fifty years. I want to sit down in one of these little wooden chairs, and read and read and read until my feet don't reach the floor. The only two children who live on this tiny island year round have just been released from school when the library closes at three o'clock and the two librarians unceremoniously pitch me out the door. One child, an attractive, dark haired girl of nine, loiters in the schoolyard and, unaffectedly, shares her smile and bids me a soft hello.

Everyone smiles and bids one another hello here on Cuttyhunk. But Cuttyhunk is only a frivolous, backward isle in the midst of a furious sea, and a child, these days, has no right to such an innocent upbringing. What will her world be like in fifty years?

(I'll be at Mystic Seaport store signing my *Journals of Constant Waterman* and *Landmarks You Must Visit in Southeast Connecticut* on Sunday, 10 July from 3-6 and on Sunday, 18 Sept from 2-5. To view and purchase my books and cards please visit <http://www.constantwaterman.com>. matthew@constantwaterman.com)

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Activities & Events...

2011 Wooden Boat Festival

The Toms River Seaport Society & Maritime Museum in Toms River, New Jersey, will host its annual Wooden Boat Festival on July 16 at Huddy Park, Toms River, New Jersey. The show is open to all wooden boats, wooden iceboats and classic fiberglass boats (over 25 years old). The show will begin at 9am and all boats entering must be registered no later than 9:30am. Judges will view boats at 10am and presentation of certificates and awards will be at 3pm.

This is a one day, rain or shine event. Please visit our website for details, registration forms and past Wooden Boat Festival photos. Providing us with your email will also guarantee direct updates.

Marty Unfried, Toms River Seaport Society, Toms River, NJ, tomsriverssomm@yahoo.com, www.tomsriverseaport.org

Antique & Classic Boat Festival

This rare chance to see vintage motor yachts and sailboats in historic Salem, Massachusetts, returns to the Brewer Hawthorne Marina on August 27-28. Tour the vessels, meet skippers and crews and vote for your favorite boat! Also featured are a crafts market, artists, old time band music, children's activities, the Blessing of the Fleet, Parade of Boats and more! Boats entered don't have to be in "show" condition. The spirit of the Festival is to gather together the grand old craft and all who love them. Info and boat entry: (617) 666-8530, (617) 868-7587, www.boatfestival.org

Pat Wells, Somerville, MA

Information of Interest...

New Source for Boat Design Concepts

Devotees of traditional craft often look to Herreshoff, Gardner and Chapelle for inspiration. Recently I have discovered yet another source for such concepts in *The Book of Mormon*, Ether 2:6, 17, 19, 20, 22-23. In succinct, easy to follow language, the author guides us in construction of a seaworthy craft using traditional materials and methods, which will satisfy even the most hidebound purist. The lack of illustrations is no handi-

cap, demonstrating the efficacy of a thousand words over one picture. Let me dip into this volume to demonstrate the clarity of prose, as well as the just plain common sense approach of this author:

"...they were exceedingly tight, even that they would hold water like unto a dish; and the bottom thereof was tight like unto a dish; and the sides thereof were tight like unto a dish; and the ends thereof were peaked; and the top thereof was tight like unto a dish; and the length thereof was the length of a tree; and the door thereof, when it was shut, was tight like unto a dish."

Issues of ergonomics are also addressed: "...behold, in them there is no light; whither shall we steer? And also... in them we cannot breathe..."

...and solutions offered: "...behold, thou shalt make a hole in the top, and also in the bottom; and when thou shalt suffer for air thou shalt unstop the hole and receive air. And if it be so that the water come in upon thee, behold, ye shall stop the hole..."

I suggest that *The Book of Mormon* deserves a place in any small boater's library alongside more recent guides such as *Sensible Cruising Designs*, Skene's *Elements Of Yacht Design*, and *The National Watercraft Collection*. Sometimes, simplicity is the best teacher.

Carol Jones, Tuckahoe, NJ

This Magazine...

Pleased to Comment

Once again, I am pleased to commend you on the excellence of your publication which, with each issue, brings a great deal of pleasure. The incorporation of articles about so many different aspects of boating makes opening each copy an entertaining event.

I particularly enjoyed "Riverine Dream," many years ago I had kayaked on the Fairhaven Bay stretch of the Sudbury River and witnessed something I have never seen before, an osprey launching itself from a tree limb, diving into the bay and skewering a fish with its talons and returning to its tree limb to disembowel its trophy. That day I spent a pleasant couple of hours on the Sudbury, but for the life of me, I cannot recall seeing that abandoned fieldstone boathouse. This situation will obviously require investigation in the form of another reconnaissance. One excuse is as good as another!

I have always enjoyed the canal stories you have published and "Can Al Canal?" was a real delight. In the course of several decades, I had seen parts of the Erie Canal in those few places where the New York State Thruway runs alongside it and permits brief glimpses. I always wondered what a passage on that waterway would be like. Al Freihofer did a super job chronicling his voyage

And like other boat lovers, I was dejected to learn of Dynamite Payson's untimely death. We seem to have lost a lot of our friends lately, Robb, Phil and now Dynamite. I guess you have to be philosophic about it, but it's regrettable in any event.

Joseph Ress, Waban, MA

In Memoriam...

Dynamite Payson

I was saddened to read about the death of "Dynamite Payson." He was a favorite reference in my design development. His and Phil Bolger's development of a Beetle Cat type sailboat that more people could home build was a classic example of "class."

Currently I am developing a design for a 28' ketch which, I am sad to say, may be my last boat to build. Yes, I am at the age also. In Dynamite fashion, while I am developing the frames, I am also developing a scale model so that my image of the boat can be studied and, hopefully, improved here and there as necessary or desired.

I also just submitted a design for *WoodenBoat's* latest contest. In my cover letter, I wondered if my design was the last design to come to them from a drawing board? In the last contest, all three winning designs came out of computers. I know that for business reasons the computer can be a handy tool, however, for people who only "mess about," the continuing search for the elusive perfect sheer line will not come off a computer.

I believe that Dynamite felt the same.

Tom Doane, Apple Creek Boatworks, Ipswich, MA, appleboat@comcast.net

Dynamite Payson

I was most saddened to learn of the passing of Harold Payson. I herewith quote from a letter that I wrote to Dynamite in 2006 when ordering plans and a sail for Tortoise. It now seems to stand as a fitting testament:

"Although I haven't taken the time to write to you before of my appreciation, going all of the way back to my reading of your *Go Build Your Own Boat!* in 1984 and subsequently building the Gloucester Gull, you have stood often in my mind as one of great encouragement and support. The recent obits for John Gardner talk of his importance in keeping alive the spark of building small craft in wood; I think that you, too, occupy such a position. Your deftly written articles and books have such a vital tone of invitation and encouragement that many of us indeed have gone out and built our own boats, never in our wildest dreams having thought that we could (shades of Thoreau). Not only did they float but often drew praise from those at the dock or afloat."

By return mail, pasted to the top of my letter (and order for the plans and the sail) was a yellow sticky: "Eric, Thanks a bunch for your kind words. They mean a lot to me. Dynamite."

Eric Schoonover, Gloucester, MA



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What does it take to make an excellent book? Is it a well written story that is compelling and interesting? Is it the author's writing talent that keeps our interest and makes us feel we're right there as the story unfolds? Is it a story so good we don't ever want to put it down? Is it a book so good that we are left wishing for more when we finish it? This book has, and is, all of these.

This story of the schooner *Sara B* chronicles two remarkable people who "win" a tired wooden Tancook schooner on an online auction. It describes what happens after they purchase and transport her from Freeport, Long Island, to Wollcott, New York (eastern Lake Ontario), in late November 2004, to her current status. This is not another "old wooden boat story" of mishap, misadventure and all the things that go wrong. There are plenty of those stories out there. There is naturally a bit of that, but this is more about how and why some noble folks take on such "project vessels."

It's about the positive and creative ways they undertook to make a dream a reality without it becoming a nightmare, like so many other wannabe boat owner/restorers who take on a boat restoration project only to let the boat and the dream slowly crumble apart in some backyard or garage. It points out the types of folks who find this wooden boat hobby, obsession or affliction of sorts, a noble calling and how they take it on and cope with it. They are independent minded folks who are not driven by the same things "normal" people are. They are, like myself, driven by things they love to do and have a great passion for.



Book Review

Sara B *Living on the Edge*

By Susan Peterson Gateley

Published by Ariel Associates
Whiskey Hill Press
12025 Dellling Rd, Wolcott, NY 14590
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Reviewed by Greg Grundtisch

In the Foreword of *Sara B, Life on the Edge*, the author writes, "There are many ways to live a life on the edge. Adrenalin junkies who race motorcycles, climb mountains or sail the Roaring Forties live on the edge. Then there are edge dwellers in more mundane jobs and pastimes. Many are

Schedule C filers who reside on the socioeconomic edge, small business owners, the self employed, rural folk who are into subsistence or perhaps subsidy by government agencies, family relations or other entities and, most interesting to me, those who live by their wits. I know a number of edge dwellers who cling to the fringes of a middle class lifestyle by some sort of creative endeavor such as wood carving, painting, web design, software development or even inventing stuff".

The schooner *Sara B* is the finest little schooner one could ever set eyes on. The lovely and talented Naomi and I have had the great pleasure of sharing *Sara B*'s cockpit with the author Susan and her husband Chris. We also got to meet most, if not all, of the *Sara B* associates and edge dwellers who have formed the Friends of *Sara B* Co-op.

Susan Gateley is the author of many books about sailing, Great Lakes ecology and legend, history and cruising on Lake Ontario. Some of the other books by Susan are *Twinkle Toes and the Riddle of the Lake* (\$15.95), *Ariadne's Death, Heroism and Tragedy on Lake Ontario* (\$9.50), *Passages on Inland Waters* (\$14.95), *The Edge Walkers Guide to Lake Ontario Beach Combing* (\$17.00).

I highly recommend these books for many reasons, but mainly because they are simply joys to read. Climb aboard for a sail on *Sara B*, see what it's like on the edge. You'll love it. These books and this latest, *Sara B, Living on the Edge* (\$12.50 + \$1.50 s&h), can be ordered from the address at head of this review, or on line at www.silverwaters.com.

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Springtime Sailing Comes to Cortez

At the Great Florida Small Craft Fest

Photo Gallery Courtesy of Simon Lewandowski

See the Entire Gallery in Color at:

<https://picasaweb.google.com/simon.lewandowski/CortezSmallCraftFestival2011#slideshow/5596397750418038962>

See photos of other small boat events like Cedar Key or the Everglades Challenge at:

<https://picasaweb.google.com/simon.lewandowski>





While his column is always well crafted, and marvelously reflective, I'm reminded of one particularly apt passage some months ago by Matthew Goldman in his "From the Journals of Constant Waterman" column: "My friend in his O'Day 22 returns. He passes me, making nearly one knot, and heads home to his supper. 'Time to rejoin the real world,' he laughs. I'm sure the 'real' world fares only too well in its own eyes without any aid from me. One of these days, though, I may just pay it a visit, and see what all the fuss is all about."

What a delightful way to say what's on most of our minds most of the time. Granted, we all know somebody who might respond to a question of "what are you thinking about?" with a perfectly honest "nothing." But I at least hope most of us are constantly balancing the concerns of the "real" world with a mental respite bearing softer contours and, perhaps, more pleasant sounds.

I think there are only two legitimate answers for the question, "What do you want to do when you grow up?" Well sure, there are way more than just two things that people want to do when they grow up. Heck, even Doctor-Lawyer-Indian Chief is more than just two. But really, I think there are only two "right" answers.

First, when asked what I want to do when I grow up, I simply offer the obvious, "I have absolutely no intention to ever grow up." And, that really does offer a great

That "Happy Place"

By Dan Rogers



deal in explanation. The other possible "right answer?" Comin' right up.

So, if for some unfathomable reason, you disdain answering with the obvious best choice, try this alternate, "Why, isn't it obvious? I'm already doing it." I'll offer another example, that has more to do with boats, and that already makes more sense.

Some time back, I was hooking up a small borrowed trailer to one of my tow vehicles. Seems I had "volunteered" to manage the maintenance operation here in our little homeowners association. Almost before I (foolishly) opened my mouth to say, "Sure I can do that. Shouldn't be a big deal," I was informed that our community lawn tractor had committed seppuku. As it turned out, my first official act (other than fixing the ladder on the swim dock, and redesigning the sprinkling system to allow for dinghies, kayaks, canoes, and john boats to lean against the fence down at the beach, reconstruct the benches on both fishing docks, etc) was to purchase a new mower. I borrowed the trailer to go pick up the new machine and really didn't pay much attention to how the trailer was put together. Pretty big mistake.

As I was straddling the tongue to align the hitch receiver with my 2" tow ball, I stepped down with all my weight and discovered that my foot hadn't quite made it to the ground. In fact, one leg was quite thoroughly impaled on the end of a protruding $\frac{3}{8}$ " mounting bolt. As I looked down to see what was the "holdup," my first thought was "This doesn't look good." The second had a more practical bent, "It's really hard to walk with both hands clamped tightly against my lower calf." And so began a short and unexpected trip to the local ER.

While I was propped up in one of the exam rooms, the trauma nurse was getting all the non-original equipment out of my leg and preparing for stitches, when she probably thought I was getting a bit pale. Well, ever since an unfortunate incident involving me, a blood collecting hypo and a corpsman-in-training, I have studiously avoided actu-

ally watching other people poke holes in my extremities. She asked, "Gone to your happy place?" I thought, "How odd. Why would anybody ever want to LEAVE their happy place, in order to be able to go back to it?"

And thus the connection with "paying a visit to the real world" and deciding what to do in the altogether unfortunate event of actually being required to grow up.

That particular nurse may well have been either lonely or bored. But she sharpened her query a bit with, "So, where is your happy place? What WERE you thinking while I was poking and probing around on the shady side of your outer wrapper?" Since I have always preferred Answer #1 to the grow up question and consider myself old enough to finally be able to answer questions truthfully, I blurted out, "I was milling ceiling strips for the cabin on my latest project boat, and I was redesigning a beach launching straddle carrier so the neighbor kids can tow one of my kayaks down to the waterfront behind their bikes, and I was wondering why the rudder on my little pocket cruiser seems to shed vortices more on the port than starboard tack, and..." Whereupon the nurse was diving spread eagled into HER "happy place." Odd. Doesn't everybody think about boats? All the time?

The point of all this is the notion that this thing we "do" with boats can really be a full-time job. At very least, it can serve as that happy place we moor our imaginations while going through the more prosaic motions of the "real world." Know what I mean?

Well, anyway, Lady Bug has been in the water for a couple of weeks now. It's supposed to be spring in the inland Northwest. School should be out for summer vacation in a few weeks. Actually, with drought in Texas, tornadoes in the south, flooding just about everywhere east of the Continental Divide, our late season snow and day after day of rain and blustery conditions should not be such a big imposition. But somehow, even after she was in the water, I found a plethora of tasks yet to accomplish before finally declaring her "ready for sea." After months and months of staring out the window at piles of snow and daydreaming about getting underway, you'd think there would be no stopping me once both keel and rudder were finally getting wet from below. But no. Perhaps that "happy place" deal becomes the new reality if allowed. I admit it. Crappy weather shouldn't really deter anybody from shoving off in a real boat in real water with real wind. Should it?

So, I come to the real kinky revelation within this whole meta-sophical ramble. I got Lady Bug finally away from the slip today. Wind was light, but steady. Almost everything rebolted and rescrewed to the new mast step appeared to be in the proper locations. The reconfigured (for the hundredth time) rudder scabbard worked pretty much as planned, when I gave up on the quick release captive ball pin and replaced it with a more prosaic $\frac{1}{4}$ "-20 and wing nut. The refinished tiller felt pretty smooth to my hand. The reresealed folding hatch panels had leaked a bit, but nothing a few swipes with a sponge couldn't handle. The motor started with the recharged battery. And so on.

Today was a good day for sailing. No other place I had to be. I didn't have to come back in until I was darn good and ready. So, where did I go all day? Yeah back to that "happy place." Maybe I never left.

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It was billed as a "Celebrity Row" and was intended to be a fund raiser for the Atlantic Challenge effort, the French Gigs project headed for the Statue of Liberty Centennial celebration over the 4th and subsequently off to encourage youth to get involved in building and rowing traditional boats. It took place on May 31st near Waterfront Park in downtown Boston. Both the French Gigs were there, LIBERTE' and just-launched FRATERNITE'. The crew from the Rockport Apprenticeship, builders of both Gigs, was there, even director Lance Lee, who is always on the go somewhere on behalf of his dream. The men's rowing team from Hull Lifesaving Museum, who have been training in LIBERTE' was there. The women's rowing team from Gloucester, recently choosing to call themselves the Sirens, was there. A men's rowing team from Gloucester was there. WBZ-TV was there.

But none of these were the celebrities. The celebrities were two teams fielded by two Boston luxury hotels, the Bostonian and the Meridian. Of all the firms and people approached in Boston by Phil Graff on behalf of the American Challenge program, only the Bostonian Hotel responded positively. Once General Manager Kirwin really paid attention to Phil's pitch. But the Bostonian "team" would need competition, so Kirwin "tossed an oar" at the Meridian and they took him up on it. Each hotel put up \$2500 for the Challenge and each fielded pick-up teams for the rowing race over a one-mile course out into Boston's inner harbor and back. Ed McCabe came up from Hull and gave each team two training sessions in the Gigs, these mixed crews had never rowed, certainly not with 18' sweeps in 38 foot traditional wooden boats.

The hotels set up hospitality tables at the site, a gravel parking lot behind a waterfront restaurant adjacent to Waterfront Park and a marina that provided docking facilities. The Bostonian crew all had T-shirts made up as the "Bostonian Stokers" while the Meridian crew wore their hotel's health club shirts, it appeared. The latter hotel did field two cocktail hostesses complete in net hosiery, et al, for atmosphere. After much ado and commentary on the PA, including reading some best wishes from Governor Dukakis, the two teams raced.

Well, the Bostonians won by several lengths and they weren't half bad, considering their inexperience. The Meridian crew had not rowed in a chop like that the 20 knot northeast wind was kicking up in the harbor and this got them into trouble keeping synchronized. Both crews were made up of employees who were into fitness, men and women, and their problems in

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**

Celebrity Row

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks



Ed McCabe and Lance Lee ponder their responsibilities as coxwains in the two gigs.

rowing the big boats were all in technique and not in physique. McCabe coxed the Bostonians, Lee the Meridians. So with \$5000 for the cause (and the expenses involved in this whole affair) two classy Boston hotels gave the Atlantic Challenge a boost and had some fun. Why did he take up Graff's scheme, I asked Kirwin. "Because we've got a bunch of fun loving people on our staff who like to do wild and crazy things," he replied. And afterwards it was party time for a long while.

But now it was time for an even more ad hoc race. The restaurant adjacent to the scene is the Charthouse. They decided to back the affair by running a charity bar, proceeds for several hours going into the Challenge fund. And they decided to field a team of their people, when the WBZ-TV crew announced that they too were game. So Ed and Lance gave each some basic instructions and they then had their own race with WBZ the winner. Lack of even the minimum practice the hotel crews had obtained showed, but it was all for laughs anyway.

Then it was time for some "serious" racing. The Gloucester women's team has been practicing since March in a Mass. Maritime Academy Monomoy lifeboat and in LIBERTE' when it was available. They challenged the Gloucester men who do the dory racing to a race, and it was taken up. Here was a

sort of "town grudge" match in a way. Well, the men won it by 20 seconds, about three lengths. It was the second race for the women, they had rowed the Monomoy in the 8 mile Ship Channel Sprint in May. Disappointed but not surprised, they vowed to go back to harder training. They already are scheduled to row in New York on the 4th in the Challenge events. They have been busy raising funds for the trip, including a 25 mile row, for pledges, in LIBERTE', from Hull to Gloucester across Massachusetts Bay. Ambitious they are.

But we're not finished yet. Now it was the turn of the Apprenticeship gang to take on the Hull men's crew, the latter the most highly trained of them all and also headed for New York. It was no contest, Hull won handily, and the Apprenticeship folks admitted to be much more into sailing than rowing.

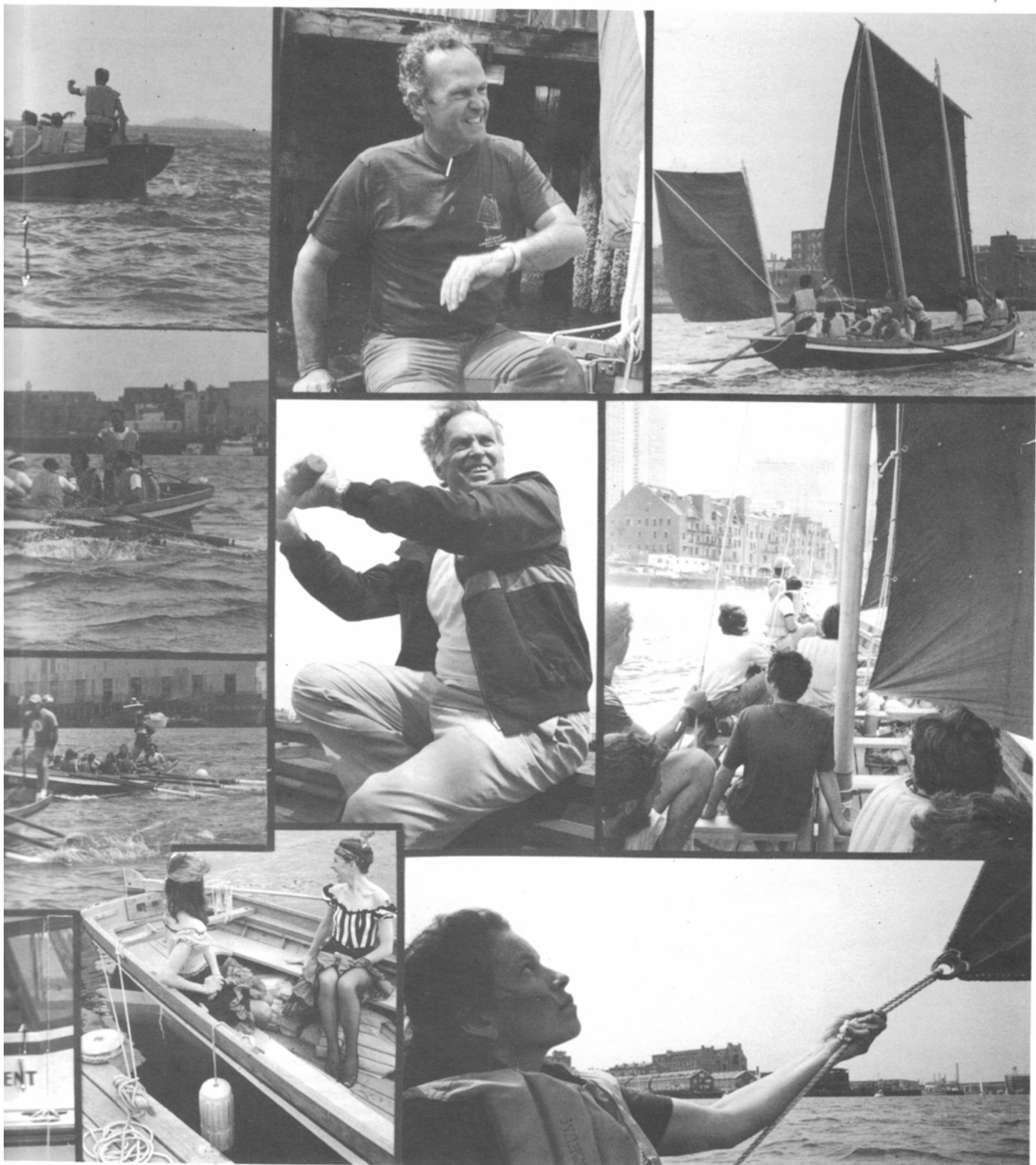
So, after all the racing was over, it was sailing time for FRATERNITE'. Yes, the Gig had a three masted rig made up for it, the fore and mainsails dipping lug, the mizzen a sprit setup on the transom. Low aspect ratio but lots of area. On hand to test the rig was George O'Day, who has interested himself in the project. With George and Lance at the helm, a long steering oar, and the Apprenticeship gang as crew, with a couple of us along as supercargo, 15 in all went for a sail across the inner harbor over to East Boston. The wind was now about 15 knots as the afternoon waned, a nice sailing breeze. And did FRATERNITE' move out. 35 feet on the waterline, lots of sail area, on a reach. We overtook a local high aspect rig reaching along our course, and trucked on by, some sight for the two on the 24 footer, this long, elegant wooden boat with a horde of people on it, freighttraining past.

But then we got to the other side, and the sailing inadequacies of a keel-less rowing boat manifested themselves. The boat cannot be tacked through the wind, it turns very slowly indeed and makes a lot of leeway if held on the wind, even rounding up to tack. So it was "dip the rig" on the two forward sails, and row it through the wind with two sweeps, then raise the sails on the return tack. The rig is historically correct and was obviously used for off the wind situations. But it was quite a thrill rushing along on a reach and O'Day at the steering oar was grinning indeed as was Lee alongside. Such fun.

Well, one more time across and back and then Lance had to leave, catch a plane for Washington. From the 18th century French Gig to the 20th century jet in .35 minutes time. It had been a much more interesting afternoon than I had anticipated.



Top four photos: The two "Celebrity" crews in action, heading out in top photos, racing home below. The Bostonians were in 'LIBERTE', the Meridians in 'EGALITE'. Third level photos: The "Sirens" all-women crew from Gloucester, readies for their race with the Gloucester men's crew, seen at right beating them home by two lengths. Bottom left: The Cambridge Rindge & Latin High School boat "ENTERPRISE" turned up to be on the scene, a really superb job by these city kids. The "Law Enforcement" guys wanted to see PFD's on everyone rowing, but the law is you have to "have" them but not necessarily "wear" them.



Sailing E'GALITE' was a gas, you can tell from Lance Lee's and George O'Day's faces. The old fashioned dipping lug rig is authentic. We had 15 on board, one of whom, Bonnie Schmit, keeps a careful eye on the main. The Meridian crew brought along two cocktail hostesses to brighten up the rear seats on E'GALITE'.



The immensity of this place virtually overpowers the mind. A land created exclusively for giants dwarfs our group's two rafts.

"Shall We Gather at the River?" begins a favorite American revivalist hymn from 1864. And that's just what occurred on a hot, dusty day in April 2010, a party of 18 religiously crazed river rats gathered at Sand Island, San Juan River, near Bluff, Utah. All confirmed zealots, we were looking forward to much more than a routine canoe trip. Ahead were high cliffs, canyons, Anasazi ruins, rapids, cacti, scorpions, windstorms, blazing heat and a sense of the unknown. Who knew what surprises would greet us around the next bend?

In front of us flowed the seductive San Juan. Geologically 70 million years old, the river runs through layers of rock formations, the oldest 310 million years, the youngest a mere 150 million years. The San Juan drains some 4,600 square miles in the Four Corners region of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico. Less than half a century ago the San Juan flowed free, unimpeded in its 400-mile course from the Continental Divide in Colorado to the Colorado River in Utah. But, like so many other western rivers, the San Juan is free no more. Navajo Dam impounds its water less than 100 miles from its source in the snow covered Rockies. Other diversions suck out its lifeblood for municipal and industrial uses in cities such as Albuquerque and Shiprock, New Mexico.

With flows reduced by controlled dam releases and sediment falling out because of Lake Powell downstream, the once natural waterway has been choked with silt. The water still flows, though, so I was anxious to paddle what was left, a coffee-colored alkaline concoction that hid sleeper rocks beneath its surface. I was back again with Mike Patterson, my longtime guide from a number of earlier expeditions. An amazingly powerful man for his size, Mike was in his late 50s, but a lifetime of outdoor activities had kept him young. Originally a mechanical engineer, Mike opted to switch to guiding 17 years ago. At his retirement, his former corporate colleagues told him, "If you don't care where you are, you're not lost." Finding his true direction, Mike certainly was not lost, he had wisely traded a desk job for rivers, mountains and the open sky.

Canyon Time

Canoeing, Kayaking and Rafting Utah's San Juan River

By Richard E. Winslow III
Dedicated to the memory of
William Edward Osgood (1926–2010)
10th Mountain Division Veteran,
Outdoorsman and Friend

For this trip, he had gathered around him his wife, veteran guides, old buddies, repeat guests, and friends of friends. Ahead of us was an 84-mile stretch of the San Juan in a most isolated, some would say the most desolate, region of the United States. To meet this challenge, Mike and his wife, Shauna, a guide as well as a nurse, were especially conscientious in their preparations.

Leaving their home base of Belfast, Maine, for a flight westward, Mike and Shauna had spent three days buying food, checking equipment and conferring with the other guides: Wendy and Pierce would navigate the supply tender rafts and Denis would serve as sweep canoe.

Along with other guests, I attended a pre-trip orientation meeting in Mike and Shauna's motel room in Grand Junction, Colorado. "Shauna has planned the whole trip on the computer," said Mike. "Food, meals, menus, boxes, tents and so forth." Pondering her digitally planned trip, I recalled the experience of a British Mount Everest expedition some years back. The team leaders in London had organized the entire climb by computer; number of porters, locations of campsites, weights of loads, lay days because of storms and so on. Mount Everest was essentially climbed in theory even before the mountaineers arrived at the base camp. Their computer plan, moreover, bagged the mountain with a successful and safe ascent and descent.

"We're a democracy now," Mike continued, "but once we hit the water, I must switch to being a dictator, stressing your safety above all else. I'm friendly and easy to get along with, but once on the river I have to be

firm." We guests, of course, agreed fully with his reasoning. Accidents had to be avoided at all costs. On another trip, a different guide had articulated roughly the same concept, albeit in a bit earthier variation, "Look. I haven't lost a guest in over a week, so please don't screw up on me."

"Dick and I will lead," Mike concluded, "and I will always take the easiest, most conservative route. My basic paddling advice is, 'When in doubt, straighten out.' And be prepared for sand, you'll be living with it for the entire trip."

The next morning, we all hopped in a van for the ride from Grand Junction to Moab, Utah, to meet up with the rest of the party and pick up our equipment. In the motel parking lot, Mike got behind the wheel of the van and announced, "If you're missing, speak up!" Two hours later we arrived at Pierce's Wild Adventures, on the southern outskirts of Moab. There we met the rest of the party, bringing our total to 18; one Englishman, four Canadians and 13 Americans.

At Pierce's Quonset hut, almost filled to the rafters, we loaded canoes, rafts, poles, paddles, kitchen equipment, anything we might need. "I transported some old canoes by trailer from Maine, Old Town and Mad River brands," Mike said. Since he only ran the San Juan once or twice a year, Mike felt no need to purchase brand new canoes to begin each canoeing season. These old river warhorses proved to be perfectly safe and adequate.

Pierce, the only guide I had not known prior to this trip, was a Man of the West, probably 60, in casual ranch clothes and a cowboy style shade hat. "How many times have you paddled the San Juan?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I've been paddling the San Juan for 37 years and have forgotten how many times it's been." Pierce would man the oars for one of our supply rafts. It was an Achilles, the Cadillac of rafts. These rubber boats, of course, are far sturdier than canoes and kayaks in heavy water and runaway rapids. The rafts carried all the heavy, awkward stuff; water barrels, kitchen stoves, fire pan utensils, propane tanks, chairs, toilets and tents. I asked Mike, "Could we do this trip without the two rafts?" "Yes," he said, "but we

would have to eliminate the bulk of the heavy gear, carry less food and be stripped down.”

On such trips, the best guides always include extra food and equipment in case of an unforeseen shortage. In our case, Pierce had put a spare propane tank in one of the rafts. With firewood not readily available, we would be relying on propane stoves for our cooking. Such foresight paid off, midway in the trip we encountered a group short of propane, their Spartan packing had cost them dearly. We donated a tank to these short-sighted river runners.

In addition to his logistical skills, Pierce was, in fact, the one indispensable person for this trip. As the permitted outfitter, he and his partner, Patti, attended to the trip's regulatory details, made campsite reservations and provided transportation for people, gear, food and rivercraft. In our modern bureaucratic world, no one just nonchalantly shows up, puts in, and paddles the river; nowadays one first must contend with a pile of paperwork.

The Bureau of Land Management (BLM), a division of the US Department of the Interior, oversees the use of the river and administers most of the federal lands along river right in the stretch we paddled. The Navajo Reservation borders river left for about the first half of our route. At Mile 46, the river enters the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area. Much credit must be given to the Navajo Nation as its leaders have made great progress in recent years in administering its rules, regulations and permits. Without the cooperation of the Navajo, trips down the San Juan would suffer greatly from a lack of access to these special places. “Sometimes the paperwork technicalities,” Pierce said, “may take weeks, even months, to negotiate.”

At the Quonset hut I was happily reunited with Wendy and Denis, two guides who made up the rest of our leadership team. I had been with them two years earlier on the Yukon's Liard River. Of the eight Liard paddlers, five of us had returned to tackle the San Juan.

Wendy lived in the Albuquerque area. After a career in nursing and then post doctoral studies, she had a second career as a microbiology researcher. The river running bug severely bit her on her initial trip down the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon, in fact, it totally changed her life. She left the research world, became an expert rower, bought her own boat and has worked for outfitters in the Grand Canyon and on the San Juan in between her many non commercial river trips. Tanned, athletic, outgoing and cheerful, she exemplified for me the calling of the Great Outdoors.

I was delighted to learn that we shared a common background. As a “Navy junior” (dependent), I had followed my career Supply Officer father from navy yard to navy yard, base to base, in peacetime. Wendy had grown up under similar circumstances. “My father was an Air Force officer,” she said, “and my family traveled all over the world to a variety of postings. I love the Southwest, and I wouldn't live anywhere else. I've rafted the Grand Canyon nearly 20 times, some as a supply/support rafter, but mostly rowing my own raft on non commercial trips. I've also been down the San Juan numerous times.” In the employ of outfitter Wild Adventures on our trip, Wendy would row an 18' support raft.

Denis, a licensed Utah captain/guide, would paddle at the end of our flotilla as an unpaid “friend of the trip.” If any canoe ahead encountered difficulty, he would be strategi-

cally positioned to respond to the problem or, as he put it, “to pick up the pieces.” In his mid-60s, he had been learning the nuances of canoe paddling after a lifetime of whitewater kayaking and rafting. Well seasoned on western rivers, he had rowed his personal raft on most of the big ones; Salmon, Snake, Green, and Colorado Rivers, as well as nearly 20 non commercial trips through the Grand Canyon.

Denis was equally at home in mountains and deserts, in the Arctic and the tropics. He had climbed all 54 of the Fourteeners in his native state of Colorado, where he still lives in a pine forest at 7,500'. An engineer by trade, Denis had left a high profile career in the aerospace manufacturing industry to establish his own home-based company specializing in products for climbing, rescue, safety and, of course, whitewater boating.

“What have you invented lately?” I asked, perhaps a little too jauntily, a minute or so into our conversation.

“I've developed a rescue/evacuation system for ski lifts,” he responded. “When skiers are stranded in their chairs or gondolas by a stalled lift, the system enables them to be rescued faster and more safely than by other means.” On our 2008 Yukon trip I had nicknamed him “Gunga Denis,” as he handled all the water filtration for the canteens. He seemed to enjoy the Kipling allusion. On this Utah trip Denis returned the compliment, calling me “Desert Dick,” and the moniker stuck. Wendy and Denis together had rowed many thousands of miles of whitewater on rivers in the western states, Alaska and Canada. Now they were ready again.

Of the guests, I knew Dane from a previous trip with Mike and Shauna on New Brunswick's Nepisiguit River. In his late 50s, he was one of three Virginians on this trip. Although he had battled through ill health in recent years, including two operations for cancer, this had failed to stifle his passion for adventure. Pronounced cured by his doctors, Dane was free to resume big game hunting across North America, deer, black bear and caribou. In September he would head for a buffalo hunt in North Dakota. Known to us as “Cowboy Dane,” he supposedly had once threatened, “I'm comin' and bringin' hell with me.” To me, it sounded like a bogus quote, as Dane was a law abiding, decent Southern gentleman in every respect.

Earl and Shirley, Dane's longtime friends from Virginia, had accompanied him on this outing. As river veterans, the couple had paddled Idaho's Middle Fork of the Salmon, a challenging whitewater tributary of the main Salmon River. At one time, Earl had owned 40 kayaks, he sold some and has 23 left. All three Virginians soon would paddle their kayaks on the San Juan, functioning almost as a separate component of our group.

The other guests were new to me. One was Kelvin, an Englishman who had come over for the express purpose of joining this expedition. A slight and wiry man, he stayed in shape by bicycling to work from a London suburb. He paddled solo for the entire San Juan trip. As a tribute to his most extraordinary skill in running the rapids, he soon (and most deservedly) earned the nickname “The Amazing Kelvin.”

“Where did you get your whitewater experience? In England?” someone asked.

“No,” he said. “The Thames is flatwater. I had to go to Canada's Nahanni River to gain that skill.”

Other guests included an American couple from Vermont, a woman from Wyoming, another from Maine and two Canadian couples from Ontario. I never found out about their livelihoods, time spent off the water in work mode appeared to mean little more than earning enough to strike out into the wilderness.

Above and beyond being a canoe/kayak/raft expedition, the San Juan trip amounted to a hands-on immersion in archaeology, biology, botany, zoology, paleontology, geology, meteorology, ornithology and related sciences, not to mention a chance to absorb the fantastic scenery. I recalled a history professor telling his students that, earlier in his career, he had taught at a university in Colorado. As a native New Yorker, he was accustomed to skyscrapers, subways and traffic jams. When he got to Colorado, an administrator wryly announced, “We are paying you \$2,000 in scenery.” If scenery were measured in dollars in our San Juan canyon passage, we were being paid in the trillions. Its beauty numbed the mind.

No sweeping summary, nor even a most ambitious detailed narrative along with a wide angle cycloramic camera lens, could begin to capture the splendor of this area. Words fail, photography fails.



Welcome to Hodgepodge City. Before a sense of order has been established, the put-in at Sand Island is a jumble of canoes, kayaks, rafts, packs, boxes and confusion.

After putting in at Sand Island, we paddled in seven days to the Clay Hills Crossing take-out. On this 84-mile trip we would descend from 4,300' elevation at Sand Island to 3,700' elevation at Clay Hills Crossing for an average downslope gradient of 7.2'/mile. Home was six campsites along the way; Butler Wash, Mule's Ear, an unnamed site, Honaker Trail, Slickhorn Canyon and Grand Gulch. Even without paddling a single stroke, our party could have let the current take us the entire distance. The current was flowing an average rate of 5mph, occasionally up to 9mph.

At the village of Mexican Hat on the fourth day, we resupplied with water and left our trash bags at a local motel drop-off.

At this tiny outpost with highway access, one person with a sore knee, caused even before our trip began, left the expedition for safety reasons. At the famous Goosenecks, we twisted below the headwalls through a more than 1,000' deep entrenched meander for six river miles, gaining only one mile as the crow flies. Our take-out at Clay Hills was some distance east of the San Juan's confluence with the waters of Lake Powell, historically the old Colorado River, now transformed into a reservoir by the Glen Canyon Dam downstream. "Calling it Lake Powell," Mike said, "is an insult to the man who first ran the river."

As a Civil War historian, I had long known about John Wesley Powell (1834–1902). (Remembering him was easy in any case, my mother's maiden name was Powell.) When he and the surviving members of his party emerged after a grueling 99-day trip in 1869, Powell was celebrated as a national hero. Less than 100 years later, time moves so fast, the damming of the Colorado had been completed. Soon the manmade waterway was stocked with non native fish, houseboats, powercraft and marinas. I agreed with Mike. What had been the logic of naming an artificial lake in honor of an ardent environmentalist? Had Powell been alive, he probably would have muttered something along the lines of, "Give me a break, name it for the dam builder, not for me."

Whatever connotation may be attached to Powell's name, I paid closer attention at that moment to the first night's campsite issues at Butler Wash. This was a totally new situation for me. Very familiar with the eastern lakes and rivers in the United States and Canada, with fresh, clear water and vast forests, I was being initiated into an unfamiliar desert environment of cacti, thorns, scorpions, lizards and, above all, sand.

Mike and Shauna were quick to offer helpful tips. "Watch your hands and bare skin and don't plant them haphazardly on the sand around your tent or at the dining area," Mike advised. "There are lots of Russian olive tree thorns in the sand wash, often buried below the surface. These sharp thorns can even penetrate sandals. Sand will get into everything, your clothes, sleeping bag, packs and food. They don't call it a sand-wich for nothing along the Sand Juan."

Pierce also provided valuable advice, "Don't leave your packs outside your tent at night. The scorpions will crawl into them."

It didn't take very long for me to switch from being a tenderfoot to being a desert rat. Yet, despite extreme caution, a sneaky thorn



What, no generators? Aboard her raft, Wendy packs essential heavy equipment for a week's trip.

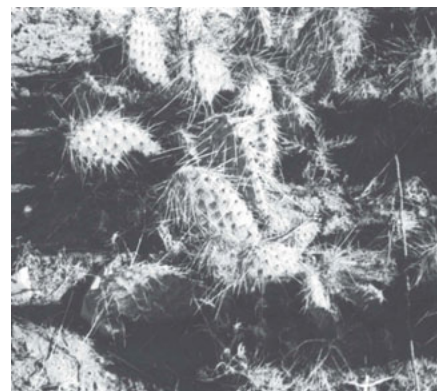
Almost worse than quicksand. San Juan muck, a specialty of the river, mires Pierce's raft. Mike pushes with all his might to free the rubberized behemoth.



Underway in her raft, well-dressed Wendy wears the mandatory PFD (personal flotation device).



pierced my palm; fortunately, I was able to extract it without injury. Once was enough. Exiting through the open door of the tent



Falling into a patch of cactus guarantees an instant wake-up call. To avoid these prickly enemies, tent sites are dispersed well away from cactus clusters.

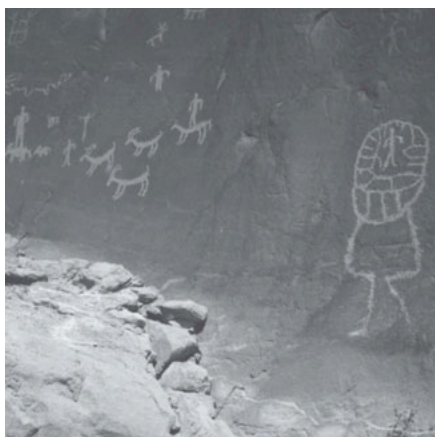
at night, even with shoes and a flashlight, proved to be a delicate maneuver. A tumble could mean a launch into a bed of cactus, in effect, a large, spiny garden. Scorpions crawled around at will here and there. Even the terrain itself demanded utmost respect. Boulders were everywhere, ready to trip the incautious. Our party also took care never to camp in an arroyo, a water carved gully subject to flash floods.

Whenever I entered my tent and zipped the tent door behind me, I was overwhelmed by a sense of fantasy. Within the confines of those interior walls, I imagined that I might be anywhere, at the North Pole, the South Pole, the summit of Everest, New York City's Central Park or even the White House lawn. My world was reduced to my sleeping bag, flashlight, canteen, boots, my glasses tucked in a web pocket and my clothes and gear arranged precisely. Without a sense of order, and without the most important items at arm's length, I would need to fumble around and perhaps not even find my flashlight in the middle of the night. Mike always emphasized heads-up camping skills as important for safety and comfort as paddling or portaging.

So many others had lived here long before we showed up. A number of native cultures had flourished in the canyons of the San Juan. From archaic peoples, 12,000 years ago, to the Anasazi (commonly referred to as "Ancestral Puebloans") and, most recently, the Navajo, communities sprang up, thrived, declined and then were re-established. The

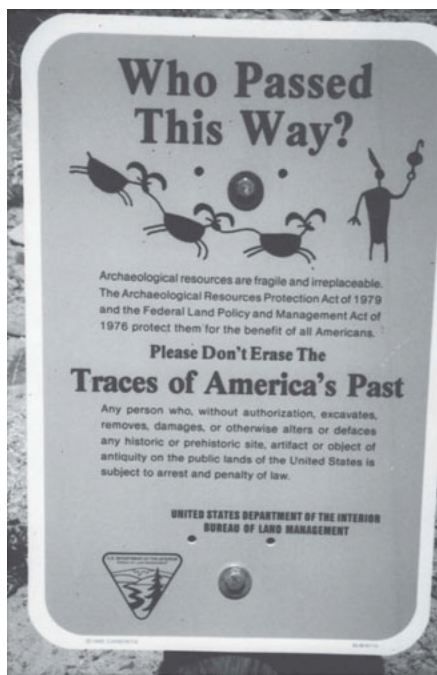
After breakfast, breaking camp becomes an established daily routine. With no rain, the dry tents roll up easily here at Butler Wash.





Created by unknown artists lost to history, Anasazi petroglyphs of human figures, animals and symbols were carved into the patina coating the sandstone.

cliff dwelling Anasazi (translated as “enemy ancestors” in the Navajo language) had lived here within the last two millennia, making them among the latest native residents. Around 1350AD the Anasazi abandoned the area for reasons probably related to drought and resource depletion.



Signs warn visitors to respect the Anasazi art and preserve it for succeeding generations.

At Butler Wash, and again at Butler Wash Panel, we all scrambled up to the canyon walls in order to see the petroglyphs, intriguing ancient images incised in the rock patina. Symbols abounded amid line-and-circle depictions of human forms. “This drawing shows a man with a paddle,” Mike said, pointing to the wall. He never let on whether he was joking or telling the truth.

“Some drunk hated the Bureau of Land Management,” Pierce explained at Butler Wash Panel, a large and world-famous site. “He cut the letters ‘BLM’ and an obscene word into the cliff wall.” This vandalism was investigated and traced to a disgruntled property owner who vented his frustration over a long running feud with the BLM regarding trespassers on his private land. The offensive graffiti made local news headlines for days. I glanced at the mutilated area, noticing that



One of the largest petroglyph walls in the world, the Butler Wash Panel preserves a magnificent pictorial record of a once thriving civilization.

the offensive word had been removed and sanitized with subsequent cuttings.

I also noticed something else, recessed holes that I assumed had been created by erosion. “Those are Moki steps,” Shauna told me. “The Anasazi, called ‘Moki’ by early Anglo settlers, cut steps into the wall face to gain access to upper ledges. Sometimes they used ladders or ropes to ascend or descend these cliffs.”

During the lunch stop that day, we trekked about a half mile through the sagebrush to River House. What we saw was a stabilized structure made in the well known style of mortar laid stones plastered with mud. Similar to the better known, village size Mesa Verde, Chaco Canyon and Canyon de Chelly sites, the River House ruin consisted of a single or double family size apartment-type complex beneath an overhang. With hand and foot braces, we climbed up the same steep, rock-strewn trail the Anasazi had used hundreds of years ago. In addition to the living quarters, River House featured a kiva, or ceremonial meeting place, marked by black smoke smudges on the rock ceiling.

Pierce urged us to continue our archaeological explorations. “There is a granary farther down this same level platform,” he said. “The grain was stored there and then sealed up to prevent rodents and other animal scavengers from entering and eating the food. When the cliff dwellers needed more corn, squash and beans during the winter, they would open it up, sending a kid or a diminutive adult to retrieve the food.”

“Anasazi sites are still being discovered,” Pierce continued. “One of my guides rappelled 20’ below the top of Comb Ridge, landed on level rock and found an undisturbed house with an abundance of pots. The inhabitants evidently had left in a great hurry.” All such ruins and artifacts on federal and tribal lands are protected by strict laws intended to prevent their damage or removal. Recent prosecutions and sentences of “pot hunters” prove the efficacy of the laws.

In the early evening, with a cool breeze blowing and the gurgling river providing background music, we sat back on our folding chairs in a circle and peacefully finished our supper. At such times, occasions not to be missed, Pierce would hold forth with his stories. The rest of us were spellbound. In his span of 60 years, he had seen the West change dramatically.

“I was born in Colorado Springs and grew up in Texas. Every summer as a kid, I would come back to the Springs to stay with my aunt and uncle who had a ranch and orchard on the outskirts. Now their land has been swallowed up as part of the suburban sprawl. I went to Aspen and worked in all areas of the ski industry for 17 years. When I first arrived there it was a small town and I quickly got to know everyone. By the time I left, a whole new crowd had arrived and I felt I was living among strangers. Then I moved to Moab and started this river rafting business. The same pattern has set in here now with tremendous growth and expansion.”



Why they left, no one really knows. Now in ruins, River House provided one or two families with year round housing and refuge.

I knew what he meant. When I first visited this area in 1976, on a sweltering, 102° summer day, Moab was a dying uranium-mining and mill town. The summer heat hasn't diminished, but the place has mushroomed into a honky tonk tourist boomtown with bikers, ATV riders, rafters and dude ranches. Traffic is heavy in the center of town. Pierce is now living on the southern outskirts of Moab, amid dwellings and businesses on a highway strip that did not exist 35 years ago. When Mike began guiding his San Juan trips out of Moab in 1993, this same area had been open desert. All that seems like a long time ago. Development certainly has come to Moab, there's even a vineyard adjacent to Pierce's property.

On another evening, Pierce reflected on his years as a big game hunting guide out of Yakutat, Alaska. "I hunted bear up there with clients. During World War II, the government had built a huge military airport on the Gulf of Alaska. With a long runway, the place was easily accessible by air. People think that certain bears, having associated with humans over a period of time, can be approached and trusted and are not likely to attack. But I have seen that seemingly tame and docile bears will strike without warning or provocation."

I thought immediately of the saga of Timothy Treadwell, the wildlife photographer who had summered for years among the grizzlies at Katmai National Park, Alaska. Treadwell became increasingly complacent over time and began to treat the bears as pets. Tragically, in 2003, he was mauled and killed.

Pierce's onsite field experience proved to be the more accurate, a seemingly tame bear, to repeat the truism for emphasis, remains an unpredictable, forever wild animal capable of causing serious injury or death.

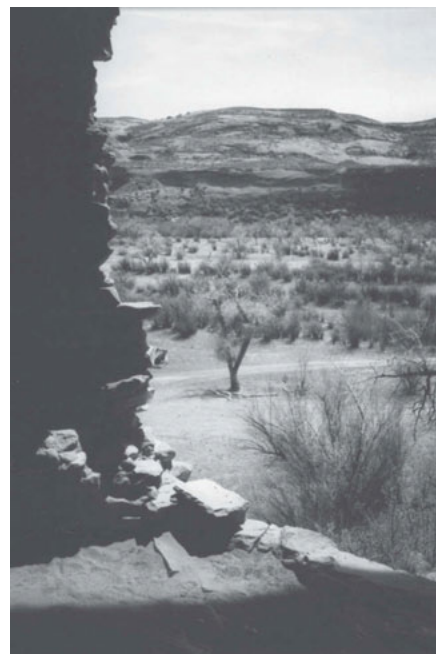
Like a wild animal, a river also can strike at any time, usually when it is least expected. Mike had warned us in advance about unseen obstacles on the San Juan, "You are not going to split the rock in two." Over the years, I have observed that most dumps do not happen along the most dan-

gerous stretches. For any major (even minor) rapid, guides and guests as a team invariably do a full reconnaissance on foot. Mike was always most patient and explicit in his explanations. Standing on the farthest out, most exposed ledge, Mike would often hurl a rock to bounce off a submerged sleeper. He was always the first person, as a solo poler, to run the rapids to demonstrate the safest route. If there was the slightest doubt whatsoever, Mike would conduct a lining or a portage. Yet no matter how careful the foresight and planning, it is usually the sneaky, unplanned incident that precipitates accidents.

Late in the morning on the third day, we entered a fastwater section. In the lead boat, Mike and I were looking on river left for a satisfactory pullout for lunch. As we had done routinely hundreds of times, we looked back periodically to check on those in the rear. Without warning, Harold and Barbara's canoe hit a submerged boulder head on. The canoe spun broadside, broached and filled with water. It happened so quickly. Mike and I landed in haste. He and the other guides ran to the dump site, waded into the water, hurled throw ropes and rescued Harold and Barbara without injury.

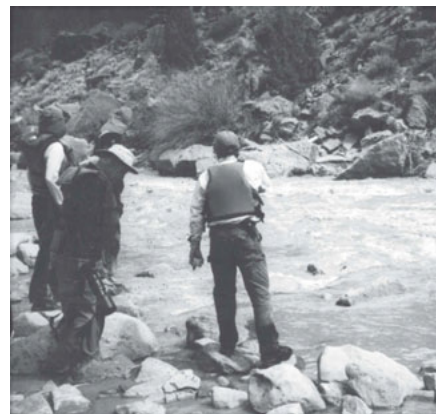
The whole group then landed and Mike decided we would have lunch without further delay. Harold and Barbara stripped off the soaked top layers of their clothing. Within minutes under the broiling sun, they and their clothes were thoroughly dry. "We never saw the rock," Harold said. By now, the whole incident had blown over, just past history. By the time lunch was over, they were ready for the river again.

Later that afternoon, we encountered Four Foot Rapids, followed by Eight Foot Rapids. Mike knew the limited range of my abilities from previous trips, so he decided it would be best if I didn't make these runs. "I'm assigning you," he said with a grin, "to be the official photographer." Accepting the honor, I took some excellent pictures. After a scout, Mike first ran the rapids solo, then he walked back to pick up an experienced



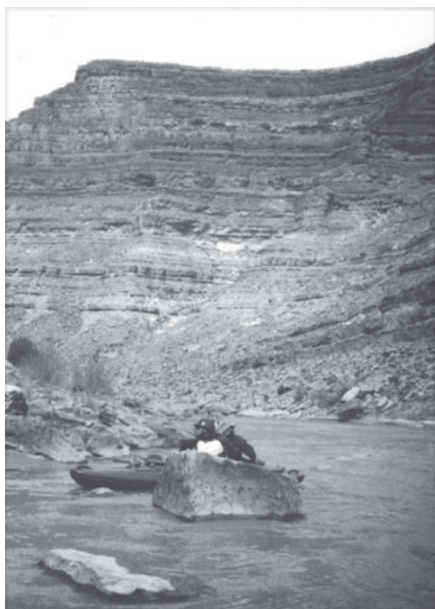
From the heights of River House one can see the river bottom where Anasazi farmers once tended their crops.

bow person. Then the others made the run. Once we were all past the rapids, I hopped back into the bow seat. A sudden headwind picked up, first as an annoying blow and then increasingly stronger. As usual, Mike had a joke to suit the occasion. "Two Maine canoeists were paddling up a lake," he said, "battling a severe headwind. The sternman yelled up to his bow seat buddy, 'I sure hope this wind shifts by the time we turn around and head back!'"



Listen up or you'll dump. From his boulder podium, Professor Mike conducts a lesson in exactly how the rapid should be run.

What we were increasingly facing, however, was no joke. Mike and I dug in our paddles with intense exertion but made little forward progress. The wind began to slam with increasing strength against the hull. A gust then struck our canoe at an unexpected side angle. The canoe tilted crazily portside as if it had banged against a submerged boulder, leaving only a few inches of freeboard. I winced, anticipating an instant dump. Whatever corrective brace Mike may have used, if indeed he did anything at all, I did not turn my head to ask him in this moment of extreme urgency, the canoe jerked to right

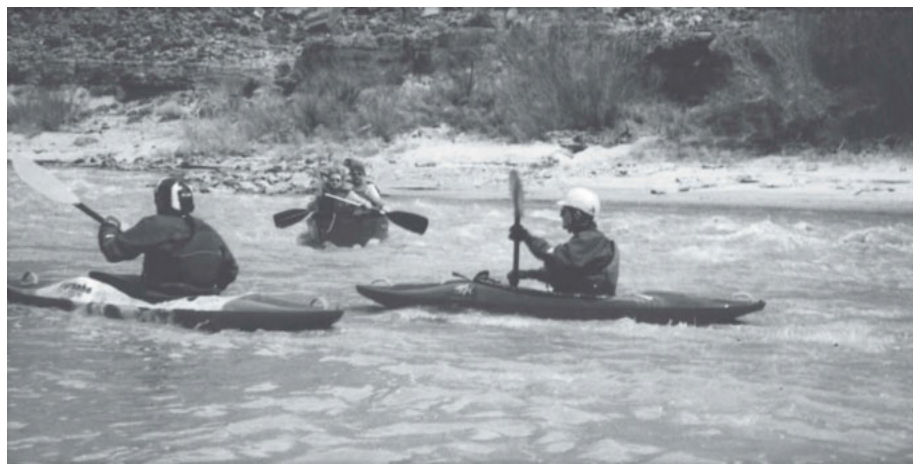


Like doing a pinball machine exercise on the water, boulder dodging kayakers demonstrate their skills. Note that both kayakers are wearing protective helmets.

itself. "Here it comes again," Mike shouted over the wind. "The roar is coming up the canyon. It must be hitting 30mph."

Mike and I just could not compete against nature's wind tunnel. At the first opportunity, we angled off to the shore on river right to rest our weary arms and pounding hearts. Mike's initial plan was to creep along the rocky bank with as much forward momentum as we could muster. We angled out tentatively and were blown back instantly. We just couldn't realistically judge the strength of the wind. As if our first attempt had been a fluke, we tried a second time. Again the terrible wind blasted us back. "We've got to pull off," Mike yelled. "These gusts must be pushing 50mph!" We crunched

The bunched up clutter of canoes at a sub-standard landing site reflects the haste of our group to escape the brunt of the storm.



Dane and Shirley maneuver through coffee colored, undrinkable water.

against the quickest anything goes pull-out. One by one, those in the rear followed our example, bunching up at the landing site.

Some were not so lucky. A distance upstream, Wendy and Pierce in the two rafts and Denis in the sweep canoe were caught and pinned down on river left. Eventually, the two experienced rafters managed to ferry across to join the main party, but Denis was much more vulnerable. Were he to attempt a crossing, he faced an almost certain dump. He was sensible enough to stay put where he had been stranded, but we had lost voice contact with him. Wendy then contacted Denis on a two-way radio they carried for such occasions. "I am safe and in a sheltered spot out of the wind," Denis reported. "Enough room for everyone. Why not come over? I have all the gear I need for the night, plenty of food and, perhaps most important, enough Johnnie Walker Scotch."

The momentary crisis passed without further incident. Minus Denis, the rest of us huddled around rock alcoves and overhangs, three or four clustered here and there, without a central open space. The windstorm accelerated into a raging sandstorm. At 50mph, the wind was carrying globes of dust that seemed to be bouncing along with the trailing spirals. These swirling mini clouds crashed along the shoreline trees and burst like balloons. The river's flow had completely reversed itself with huge, whitecapped waves rolling upstream. "I have never seen anything like this," Mike said to anyone within earshot.

"Only three times in 37 years," Pierce added, "have I experienced such intensity."

As we shielded our faces from the pelting sand, we said little. I brushed the grit off my face. "My contact lenses," Wendy said, "are full of dust." With no sense of panic, we all accepted this sandy slap in the face as part, albeit a most unwelcome part, of the expedition. Nature's raw, primitive force treated us with indifference. As the storm raged without let up, we waited for Mike's next move.

A rumor circulated that he and his crew would serve up an early supper in hopes that the storm would die down by early evening. We could then hit the water to grind out an hour or so of paddling to make up for lost time. But with the wind howling at full force, it quickly became apparent that such speculation was illusory. "What's the decision?" I asked Pierce. "We'll stay here," he answered. I must have had a forlorn look on my dirty face because Wendy called me over and offered encouragement. "Dick, there's a

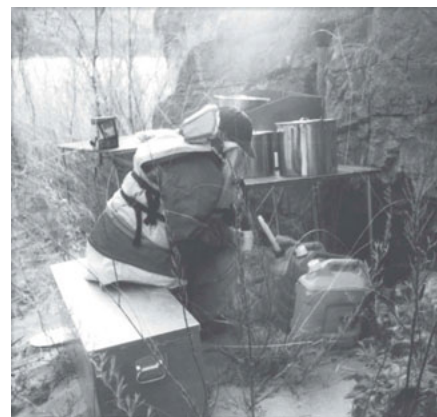
shielded tent site down in the tamarisk grove. That site is yours." Five of us skirted boulders and trudged through muck to find a relatively flat tent site.

My tent pitching helpers (I could not handle the job alone) hastened to improve the rude site. With a large knife, they hacked out roots and cut branches. During the ordeal of trying to pitch my tent, we coped with the unstaked tent walls flapping like loose garments on a clothesline. We quickly discovered that the softball-size rocks we were using to weigh down the corners and sides were worthless. Learning from this frustration, our work gang hauled bowling ball-size rocks to pile onto the tent's edges.

Such a make do campsite area would have been perfect for two or three people. But for a party of 17 (without Denis), there was no continuous level ground, just a jumbled maze broken by humpy ridges and rock piles, with tents pitched here and there. A few people were forced to settle for an up-and-down, five-minute hike to reach tent sites a hefty distance away from the outdoor kitchen.

To their great credit, Mike, Shauna, Pierce and Wendy rustled up a hot spaghetti supper, and we all ate gratefully. There was no time this evening for the luxury of listening to one of Pierce's stories. We left our dining circle immediately to attend to making camp or improving what was already in place. A few stars appeared. The wind, miraculously, had died down. Then it stopped.

No 12-course dinners tonight. Under extreme conditions, the chefs prepare supper below a cliff as the storm rages on.



With my flashlight, I worked my way back to my quarters. I didn't know quite what to expect, perhaps even a flattened, shredded tent. But the boulder weights had held and my tent was unripped. The ordeal was over. I quickly crawled into my gritty sleeping bag and dozed off.

The next morning dawned as a perfect sunny, cloudless day with no wind. It was as if the storm had never happened, so ideal were the conditions. The fickle San Juan had changed its mind again and returned to its normal east-to-west downstream current. Denis rejoined us, well and upbeat despite his forced solo encampment.

Our journey, to be sure, was not one of constant ordeal, trauma and worry. Usually it was plain, hard fun, educational as well as rewarding. One early morning, we had been underway for perhaps a half hour, warm-up time to limber up the shoulder and torso paddling muscles or, as I frequently joked, to ensure that each side was equally sore. On river left, I noticed a party in the process of breaking camp. They appeared to be high school or college age students. Their leader, a beautiful, athletically fit woman with an ardent, wide awake look in her face, was standing at riverside to direct her charges.

"Where are you from?" Mike asked, the first question he invariably would pose upon meeting a new party.

"Aspen."

"Well, why aren't you back there skiing?"

The truth was that these kids were savoring this experience, which was just as exciting and worthwhile as schussing down Aspen's slopes. The prospect of a rewarding future in the outdoor world for these up-and-coming students looms bright. I had often met and talked with fledging adventurers on my many trips. "The new explorers," I would often remark to others of my age group, "are better educated, more physically fit and more scientifically oriented than we ever were. They are taking advantage of the latest technology and medicine. Some serve their apprenticeships on expeditions led by such established explorers as Will Steger, Richard Bangs and Jon Bowermaster. These teenagers are already on the threshold of careers in the golden age of exploration."

Furthermore, Outward Bound (OB) and the National Outdoor Leadership School (NOLS) produce their share of graduates ready to embark on wilderness wanderings. Compared to the followers of Jack Kerouac's "Rucksack Revolution," a term he coined more than half a century ago, today's explorer has a distinct advantage. The standard gear of Jack's day has been largely superseded by the latest, ever evolving, high tech equipment.

Similar encounters on the river provided variety in the day's paddling. I was always on the lookout for wildlife, especially birds, mule deer and bighorn sheep. As the bowman in the lead canoe, I had the best seat on the river, the up front person who might glimpse the creatures before those in the following canoes ever appeared on the scene. Try as I might, however, I rarely spotted anything until Mike pointed it out to me, a sighting often in the hard glare of the sun beating down on the talus slopes or along the river. Because he and Dane were hunters, they reacted instinctively to the slightest movement.

Such an acquired gift had aided Mike earlier in his career as a highly sought after hunting guide. For him, however, those days were long gone. I casually inquired, "Why

aren't you taking out hunting and fishing parties anymore?" His answer was simple and direct. "Hunters and fishermen as clients," Mike said, "always want trophies. If they don't get a record kill or catch, they are disappointed and resentful. So I only hunt with friends now."

I did observe an abundance of Canada geese, ducks and even great blue herons. A mother goose would lead her goslings in a long line. If startled by our approach, the whole family would propel forward, madly flapping wings and feet. Too young to fly, these goslings more than made up for their deficiency with their thrashing speed. On a few occasions they totally ignored us. "The river can't be that deep," Mike said. "Those birds are only breast high."

Within half an hour one hot afternoon, we encountered two different parties, each with its own special purpose. A commercial tour raft passed us, rocking our canoe hulls with its splashing wake. The guide at the motor was delivering a running commentary over the engine clatter. For the first time in days, I smelled exhaust fumes. Packaged in a crash course format, this tour, indeed, offered a quick, flash-by blur of the San Juan. Perhaps when I am 95 or so, this will be the sensible way to go. For the moment, though, I was proud to be a river rat dependent on my own power.

A few minutes later, we encountered a barge putt-putting toward us as it headed upstream. Two beefy, sun darkened men, most likely Bureau of Land Management

A dramatic sandstone sombrero comes into view. Aptly named Mexican Hat, this highly visible landmark lends its name to a nearby village.



employees, were on board. The fellow in the stern handled the motor and oars while his partner held a net. A shiny steel globe rose from the front of the craft. "They are going to shock the water," Mike said, "and the stunned fish will rise to the surface. After examining their bodies, the checker will release the native fish back into the water and then toss the introduced trash fish into a barrel."

As we passed, Mike offered greetings, "How's the fishing?"

"We are disposing of the unwanted catfish and carp," the net man said, "hoping to save the endangered native fish from extinction." With a lift of his net, he emptied the outlaw fish into a barrel. The Colorado pike minnow and the razorback sucker have been losing their Darwinian battle of survival against the more aggressive non native predators.

Once our party had landed for a rest stop, Mike offered his assessment of this government program supported by federal tax dollars. "This approach is like catching two or three rats in a barn," he said, "with the hope that they will all be exterminated."

On the afternoon of the fourth day, we braced to prepare for the most dangerous section of our entire trip, Class III Government Rapids. The previous four or five rapids had amounted to routine pop quizzes before facing the tough final exam now before us. We heard its roar long before we ever saw it. There it was, a hodgepodge of exposed rocks, standing waves, spray, drops, a river in convulsions. We pulled off on river left at the last of the stillwater. I scrambled up the crumpling ledge, happy to revert to my role as official photographer. Mike had made the right decision regarding our landing site. I glanced across to river right, seeing a cliff down to the water's edge.

With Shirley on the high, rocky bank focusing her video camera on Dane and Earl, the two intrepid kayakers leaned forward and picked up momentum to begin their runs. They enjoyed the advantage of mobility, light draft and an enclosed deck. As they picked through their route, they were able to pivot and spin precisely on target. One by one, they plunged into the fray, angled out to the open middle section, and let her rip. The kayakers behaved like brash kids, showing off to the grown-up canoeists stuck on shore.

This dynamic duo separated and spread apart, bounced up and down, crest to trough with the waves, which seemingly swallowed the boats for a split second before they popped up again, and then crashed down into the next trench. Their arms were constantly in motion, adjusting their strokes. Earl splashed through in a magnificent run. Once safe in calmer water, he raised his paddle with both hands above his head in triumph and let out a loud war whoop.

Pierce and Wendy piloted their rafts, facing downstream and back-rowing their oars to ease into the drops. With plenty of rubber on the water, they drifted down with an accordion effect from level to level for successful runs.

Professional as he was, Mike elected to pole down one canoe. With years of experience at Government Rapids, he knew the location of every rock and could rely on every trick of the trade. Bending his knees like a skier for springy flex, he poled forward, occasionally arresting or snubbing his speed by plunging the steel tip to the bottom. With his flawless run, Mike made it look easy.

The plan for the novice and intermediate paddlers meant hard work ahead. Mike returned on foot to direct the lining of the remaining canoes. This delicate maneuver became a four to five person job for each canoe, with some of us wading in up to the thighs. The team released the painter ropes to swing the canoes wide of the boulders and then pulled hard toward the rocky bank. A loss of grip could mean the boat would be swept away in the raging torrent, but that didn't happen and we put this obstacle behind us.

Our reward for overcoming Government Rapids was an easy run down to the Slickhorn Canyon campsite by late afternoon. The word was out. "I'll lead you up the canyon tomorrow," Wendy said, "and we'll see a succession of pools connected by a cascading brook. Fossils are abundant. And bring your canteens and bathing suits."

After breakfast the next morning, the weather was perfect and we hikers assembled. A stream coursed down the draw with a sizable pool at the bottom. Huge boulders, the size of jumbo rafts, were scattered on the valley floor. Flash floods in the past had loosed these rock monsters and sent them crashing down, smashing everything before them. While the other guides stayed in camp, Wendy led our party up the maze. The hike soon turned into a half scramble with handholds, foot braces and stints on all fours as we followed a vague, pick-your-own route up the draw. Whenever the water spilled over rock layer platforms, a greenish slime coated the underwater surface. As we zigzagged to gain the right footing, Wendy was always there with a steady, outstretched hand. "The rock is extremely slippery," she said, as she grasped the hand of each person. It felt like walking on grease.

We mounted a rise to gain the next platform. "Feel with your palm under this overhang," she said. "There are fossils embedded in the rock, brachiopods, trilobites and horn coral. Some are actual skeletons, others are casts." I ran my fingers over the bumps and impressions, the remains of primitive creatures that had lived hundreds of millions of years earlier. After groping upward past several dry pool amphitheatres, we finally

reached the second pool. At its upper end, a waterfall flowed over a rock lip.

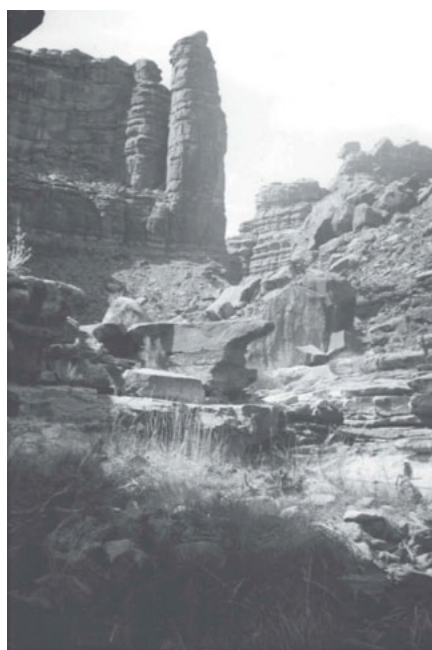
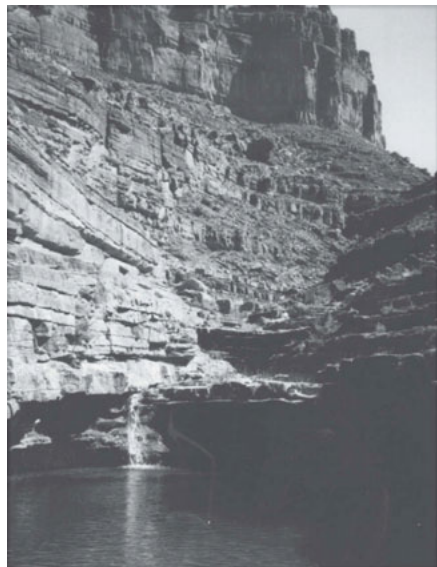
What more could we ask for than cold water on a hot day? We quickly became kids again, daring one another to take a swim. Two or three of us stripped down to bathing suits or underwear and waded into a giant's bathtub. One daredevil climbed around to the far end near the waterfall and jumped. Having come from so far away, I knew I couldn't live with myself if I didn't participate in the fun. Wendy served as lifeguard. My baptismal dunk peeled off at least one layer of grime and dirt. The water surely was frigid enough to resuscitate the long dead fossils. I felt like a born again river rat. What a surprise, I thought to myself, to find such cold water in the desert!

Arriving back at the campsite, we discovered that the other guides had packed up most of the gear, ready to load it into the canoes. Sitting in the shade of a tamarisk tree, I ate lunch, but the hike in the hot sun had drained me. As I lifted my canteen to drink lukewarm water, I felt woozy. I lay down, half wishing I could spend the rest of the day there, drugged by the sun. Mike loaded our canoe by himself. Rising from my stupor, I drank more warm water. Then I broke off a small sagebrush branch and held its leaves under my nostrils to inhale a stimulating, acrid aroma. Its medicinal power revived me. Once out in the river with the cool air wafting off the water, coupled with the deepening valley shadows, I regained my strength and my senses.

From a layman's point of view, I knew exactly what had happened. There was no mystery about it. Direct wall climbers on Yosemite's cliffs, where temperatures can soar to 130°, speak of "flameouts." I was fully aware that the sun's power can produce dehydration, unconsciousness, even death. In cold weather, the reverse principle is roughly the same with hypothermia. In both cases, a person does not often realize, in the initial

The dwelling of either God or the devil. A miniature Monument Valley or Valley of the Gods accurately describes Grand Gulch, complete with pinnacles, balanced rocks and hoodoos.

Swim time at a desert style Garden of Eden pool. A waterfall drops into an amphitheater, the water cold and pure for a refreshing dip.



stages, that he is affected. I was fortunate that I had staved off heat prostration in time, water, rest, sagebrush leaves and Mike's jokes had cured me. Without further incident, we paddled five miles down to Grand Gulch, the final campsite of the trip.

For the most part, Grand Gulch was ideal; plenty of tent sites, with a view across the river to a towering, 1,000' wall of sandstone. An intermittent stream flowing down the gulch on river right was, alas, too shallow for a swim. One thing I had been missing throughout this trip was a daily river swim. On my many canoeing trips in the eastern United States and Canada, I have always looked forward to a refreshing morning and evening swim in clear water, it has always been a guaranteed opportunity. But here on the San Juan, I didn't relish the idea of taking a mud bath or accidentally swallowing the frothy, silt laden water.

The more I thought about it, the more I realized that there was, at least in spirit, a nineteenth member of our expedition. Every day, I reflected on the life and career of Floyd Dominy, the commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation (a division of the Department of the Interior) from 1959 to 1969. In my field notebook, which I was keeping on a daily basis, I had jotted down Dominy's name.

Arguably the most controversial and colorful figure in the recent history of the American West, Dominy reigned supreme as the era's champion dam builder. He was a genius at loosening the federal purse strings in Washington for these projects. In fairness to his almost self appointed mission, Dominy did not act alone; he was helped along by voters, constituents, congressmen, senators, cabinet members, presidents and even Supreme Court justices who apparently found nothing legally wrong with his plans, models and blueprints. The aforementioned Navajo Dam (completed in 1963) and the Glen Canyon Dam (1966) effectively caged the San Juan and also created Lake Powell.

It must be remembered, however, that the American dam building mania at the federal level had flourished long before Dominy ever appeared on the scene, consider the Roosevelt Dam (1906), the Coolidge Dam (1930) and the Hoover Dam (originally called the Boulder Dam) (1932). Thus, in fairness to Dominy's reputation, one cannot place the blame, or the praise, solely on him. As a federal official, he was simply carrying out orders from his superiors higher up the bureaucratic ladder.

Opinions of the man and his work range from a critic calling him "a river murdering son of a bitch" to Dominy's own self assessment, in which he avowed, "the Glen Canyon Dam and the creation of the most wonderful lake in the world, Lake Powell, is my crowning jewel."

On this issue, the battle lines have been drawn for years, the good guys versus the bad guys (depending on one's perspective). The drama has taken on the scenario of a Western showdown, pitting environmental writers David Brower, Edward Abbey, Jonathan Waterman, Marc Reisner and others against Bureau of Reclamation reports, lobbyists, newspaper advocates and Floyd Dominy's interviews and testimony.

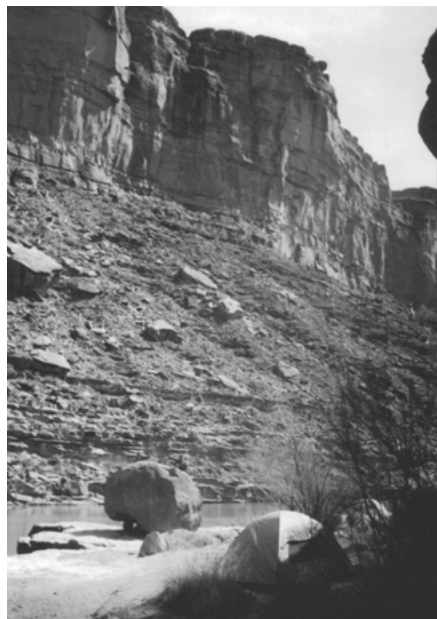
From various outdoors oriented friends I have often heard the statement, "I hope they tear that Glen Canyon Dam down." Without going into the statistics of electricity generated or the agricultural, irrigational and rec-

reational merits associated with the dam, I remain convinced that such a demolition will never happen, at least in the 21st century. The opposition of a few canoeists, kayakers and rafters tipped against the farmers, electrical consumers and motorboat/houseboat owners tips the scales overwhelmingly on the side of the business/political world. They can hire and retain the best lawyers, while the river rats generally scrounge to pay for their trips.

At any rate, my self serving plans for a clear water swim were dashed from day one. The water was partly silty even before any of the dams were built. "Western rivers that course through easily eroded badlands," Denis informed me, "normally run silty. Ironically, dam discharges are normally clear."

On the final morning at Grand Gulch, I struggled from inside to zip open my tent's door flap, the track was clogged with sand. Finally I made it work. Then, just after I had dragged out the last of my gear from the tent, a scorpion darted through the open door. I took the hint, the scorpion was telling me it was time to go home. We broke camp. For the last time, Mike angled in the bow of our canoe as a courtesy to me for an easy boarding. As we peeled out into the onward rush of the river, Mike exclaimed, "What a magnificent day to paddle!" The early morning coolness in the air was stimulating. I breathed in this wonderful elixir of freshness to clear my head. Everything seemed pure.

The sun was creeping down the canyon walls just as it had done millions of years before man had arrived, and just as it will do millions of years after he has left. A sense of endless time, before and after my presence, overwhelmed me. The red rock canyon's rim was etched against a brilliant blue sky. The canyon wall itself was fractured for long horizontal stretches along nature's own straight-edge. It was if a giant mason had set his bricks into a mosaic so that no cement was necessary to hold the formations together. As we continued downstream, other sections resembled a wall of stucco smoothed over by an enormous trowel.



Let's hope no one was here when that gargantuan boulder came down.

High on the canyon slopes were many boulders held precariously in place by their



Nature, the greatest of all artists, sculpts the rock into fantastic shapes in a process that takes millions of years.

angle of repose. If they were even slightly steeper, the rocks would break loose and tumble 1,000' to the valley floor, perhaps even bounce into the water. An individual boulder might remain in place for another second or for a million years. Why bother to count? What's a million years in a place like this? Once they reached the canyon bottom, the boulders, thanks to blown seeds and rainwater, eventually would be crowned with light green vegetation.

Thinking of Dominy again, I recalled his remark about his rafting trip down the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon. "It was boring," he said. "Boring, how could it be anything else? You can't see out from the bottom of a canyon." In contrast to Dominy's viewpoint, Wendy always spoke sadly and disparagingly, once these trips were over, about re-entering "Rim Time," as she called it. Down on the river looking up, she savored every moment.

"Canyon Time," as I put it, was addictive and never boring, measured only by when you entered the canyon and when you came out. Yet returning to "Rim Time" was unavoidable. With each paddle stroke, Wendy and the rest of us grew closer to our finish. The cliffs gradually sloped down to the Clay Hills Crossing pebble beach take-out. Soon after we arrived there, another party landed on the same bumpy shore. They rinsed out their two rafts by sloshing water to wash away the accumulated sand. In the high noon heat, they looked tired and sunburned.

Our party also was tired, yet elated. After this experience life would revert to a routine, a lot of it tedious and humdrum, whether a 9-5 job or a leisurely retirement schedule. The only remedy for this malaise would be another trip. "There is no end," wrote George Leigh-Mallory, the Mount Everest mountaineer, "to this kingdom of adventure." I had mulled over this quotation for the entire trip. This feeling had, in fact, developed into a determination that I would again paddle in the Southwest on "Canyon Time."

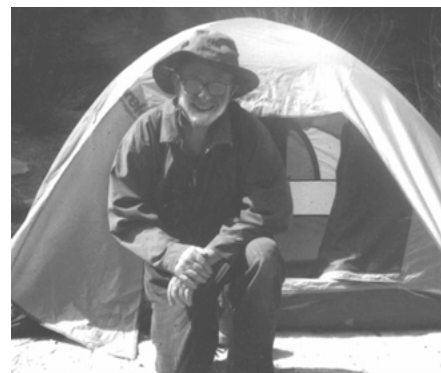
Whether an outsider would view our expedition as an achievement or as a lark, we could have cared less. Each one of us had accomplished what he or she had set out to do, meeting the San Juan head-on for a week. We were neither lobbyists nor corporation lawyers testifying about the fate of the San Juan in an air conditioned congressional committee room. Instead, as pilgrims, we had gathered at the river, questing as Mallory had done.

As it turned out, one man's spirit would soon leave this incredible land. On April 20, 2010, four days after our expedition ended, Floyd Dominy died at his farm (complete with dammed irrigation ponds for his cattle) in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley. He was 100 years old. In assessing Dominy's impact on the American West, I could only reflect on the epitaph on the crypt of Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723), in his own St Paul's Cathedral in London. Translated from the Latin, the inscription reads, "If you would seek his monument, look around you." That observation applies equally to Floyd Dominy, whose legacy lives on in his numerous dams.

In the spring of 2011, our party plans to return to Utah to paddle the Green River, another waterway that is constrained in both the north and the south. Upstream, the Flaming Gorge Dam (1964), another Dominy colossus, impounds the normal flow. Below the Flaming Gorge Dam, the mistreated Green River again begins to flow south to its confluence with the Colorado River in Canyonlands National Park. Below this watery merger, the enlarged river emerges as Lake Powell, the creation of the Glen Canyon Dam.

I have seen the Green River only as a motorist crossing a bridge in the town of the same name some 34 years ago. I have long wanted to return and I hope the river water will be clean and silt free for my daily swims. Denis, however, did not share my latent tenderfoot optimism. "Do not count on it, Dick," he said. "The Green River flows through miles and miles of soft, silt producing rock formations."

Home of the happy wanderer, at least part of the time. In front of his tent at Grand Gulch, "Desert Dick" poses with his trademark Australian style hat..





Underway in his kayak at dawn, Earl takes one last fond look at Grand Gulch.



"I'm working, not sightseeing." Atop the loaded canoes, Mike checks to make sure that they are sufficiently secure for a long, bumpy ride on a winding dirt road.

Denis Stratford's Observations

Rules and regulations, onerous at first glance as affronts to our personal freedom, have, in fact, the effect of preserving and protecting the very places we treasure. The San Juan corridor, long home to the indigenous peoples who had their own negative impacts, has suffered from wave after wave of European transplants, explorers, gold and uranium miners, oil drillers, hunters, fishermen and yes, even recreationists like us.

Visitors from away see the place as wild, free of trash and fire rights, camps without trees hacked by reckless kids and no toilet paper blowing across the sand. The many thousands of people who travel the San Juan each year can thank the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) and non governmental, non commercial groups.

The BLM enforces sensible rules in the spirit of "Leave No Trace" and "Pack It In/ Pack It Out." Garbage, trash, even human waste, must be packed out, not buried or put in the river.

In cooperation with the BLM, groups of individuals comb the banks of the river twice a year, collecting in their rafts many dump-truck loads of beverage bottles, beer cans, tires, plastic, lumber and even the odd refrigerator, all of which have found their way into the river.

Those who strive to protect her, whether a government agency worker or just someone wanting the kids to know her magic, appreciate her the most. Those who seek her as a source of income often miss that point. They have forgotten the lesson of The Juan.

(A colleague on the April, 2010, San Juan River expedition, Denis Stratford has carefully read and critiqued my narrative, offering valuable suggestions. As a long-time observer of the American West, Stratford articulates in his comments an insightful assessment of the recreational issues affecting the area.)

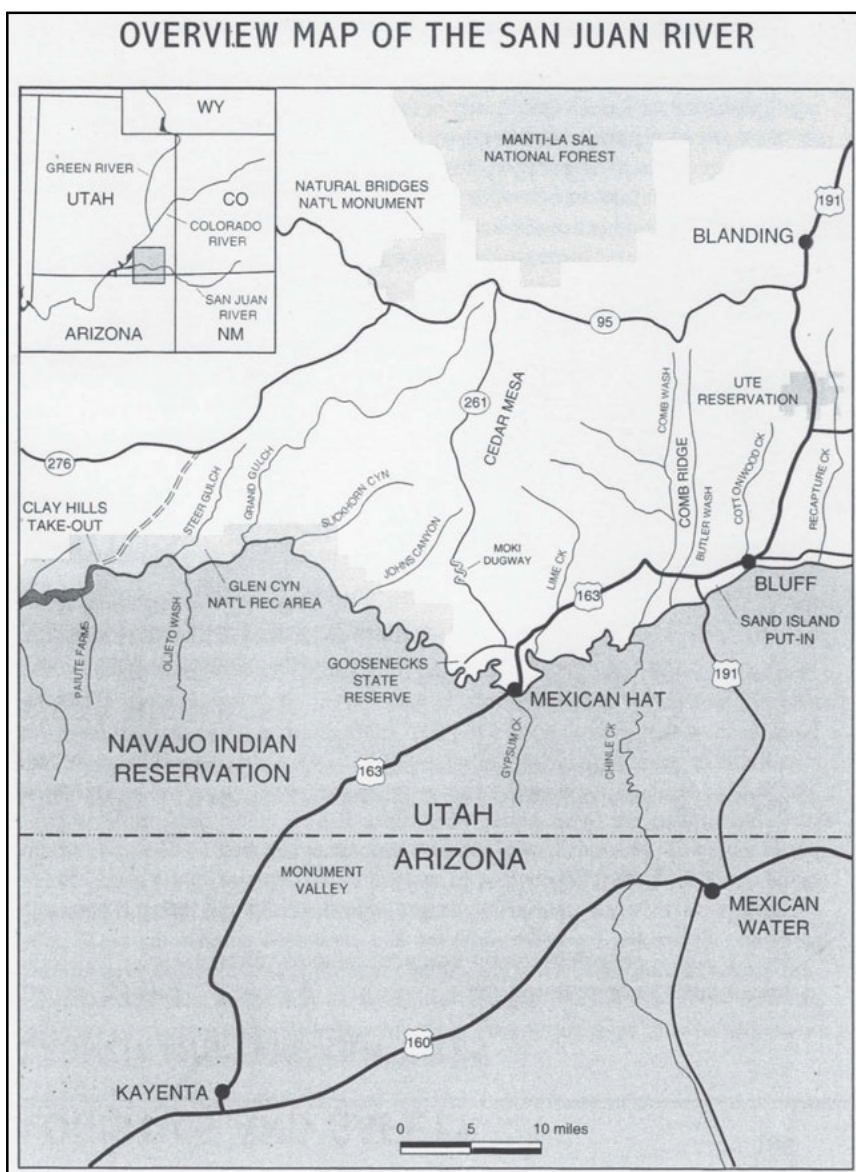
Practical Information

For those intending to run the San Juan, intermediate to excellent paddlers with common sense and proper equipment should encounter limited difficulty. The extreme isolation of the area, however, allows little leeway in the event of an emergency. In my opinion, a prudent, intelligent assessment dictates

that a person should go with a guide or with a veteran who has previously paddled the river.

For Guide Services

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Upper Lough Erne.

I have found that however many books and articles I have read, maps, charts and even Google Earth I have studied, I cannot get the “feel” of an area before getting there and this certainly applied to my visit to Ireland in June last year. With this in mind I have tried to make this account of my visit to the Irish waterways a bit more comprehensive than a straight account of the cruise. I apologize for not including a map, but you can’t do better than call up www.waterwaysireland.com and get them to send *Navigating Ireland’s Inland Waterways*, which includes maps of each waterway and gives much other useful information, I wish I had got my copy before I set out instead of near the end of the cruise!

Charts can also be downloaded free from www.iwai.ie and I found that these, when used in conjunction with Ordnance Survey maps, were quite sufficient. Ann and Dennis Kelt’s article in Bulletin #143, Summer 1994, is also a good introduction and I find I have repeated some of the points that they made, but leave them in as they are significant.

It was with only a vague outline plan for my cruise on the River Shannon that I arrived by car at Rosslare with my 14’ dinghy *Jady Lane* in tow. Now 90 years old, she was built of all varnished mahogany on the River Thames at a time when one was not expected to capsize one’s boat, so with her gunter yawl rig and heavy steel centreplate she is an almost ideal cruising dinghy. She was owned for 45 years by John Deacon, past President of the DCA.

I was undecided whether to go downstream with the current or upstream with the predominantly southwesterly wind but, on

Jady Lane in Irish Waters

By Aidan de la Mare
Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising* #209
Bulletin of the Dinghy Cruising
Association (UK)

(Aidan makes a welcome return to our pages to share his experience of sailing *Jady Lane* in some of the most idyllic Irish freshwater cruising venues. The second part of his narrative will appear in the next issue of *Dinghy Cruising*.)

arrival, took the decision to go straight to one of the heads of navigation at Boyle on Lough Key in County Roscommon where Lough Key Forest Park seemed to offer a good starting point and the presence of a northwest wind was too good a gift to refuse. That gift was, however, also a hindrance; even as I prepared *Jady Lane* for launching the breeze increased and with it surprisingly vicious little waves made the slipway unusable as it was exposed to the north.

I waited until evening but the wind did not drop as it usually does, so at 2000h I left in search of a more sheltered launching place before dark. The canal at Boyle had no slipway, but a chance met local man kindly piloted me in his car to a picnic place on the lakeside a couple of miles to the north with a good slipway in perfect shelter. I soon had *Jady Lane* afloat and drawn up on the sandy beach beside a wooden jetty for the night.

I tried to get underway each day between 0700h and 0800h, but I was even earlier than that next morning to make the most of the quiet time before the breeze filled in. Lough Key has been described as one of the most beautiful lakes in Ireland, and even with my limited knowledge I can agree with that. It was, therefore, a pity that as the starting point of my cruise I was rather too preoccupied with logistics to fully appreciate my surroundings and too keen to make use of the fair wind to linger and enjoy their undoubted qualities.

It was perhaps fortunate, however, that I was quick to discover an important hazard that lies in wait for the newcomer to these waters, that of rocks just below the surface scattered indiscriminately about the lakes, and due to lack of any swell they give no warning of their presence. They are reasonably well marked on charts, as are all shallow areas, but they do confound my private rule that if it is blue on the map I can float my dinghy on it! But *Jady Lane*’s steel centre plate is a very reliable and indestructible depth sounder, so once I had realized this hazard I had almost no further trouble from rocks.

I crossed the lake to the south side to look at the ruined “romantick gothick” castle that almost fills the small island which lies off the Forest Park that had once been the great estate of Rockingham Demesne, so vividly described by Tom Rolt in his book *Green and Silver* about his Irish cruise in 1948. After landing at the tiny quay and wandering among the overgrown ruins, I was tempted by the continuing northwesterly wind to head for the river exit and make for the Shannon. So began a remarkable day’s sail through the



Lough Key, dawn



Lough Key Castle

Lough Key Castle.

Lough Key, dawn.

unlikely named Clarendon Lock and under the even more unlikely named Knockvicar Bridge, where my mast lowering gear was first put to use underway very successfully.

The delightfully rural but well maintained river then passed through two lakes before joining the Shannon, where the river to the north leads to the recently reopened canal to Lough Allen and the other reopened canal to Lough Erne in Northern Ireland. Soon after the junction comes Carrick on Shannon, the first town to span the river, with its well filled boatyards, its bridge amazingly busy with road traffic and an active rowing club where I encountered the start of a very well patronized local canoe race, competitors in which accompanied me for the next few miles downriver.

Hireling motor cruisers, some quite large, are found all over the navigable waterways, but there are never uncomfortably many and they are generally very well behaved. *Jady Lane* was the only boat with mast and sail that I saw on the upper Shannon, so she caused quite a bit of surprise and comment; interestingly it was already noted in 1939 that sailing had died out on the Upper Shannon and it seems not to have revived since then.

Very occasionally the riverside trees proved too much for the wind and I had to row for short spells, including most of the Jamestown Canal that cuts off an awkward loop of the river. On reaching the large Lough Boderg it was time to look for a sheltered berth for the night. So, having heard on the radio that a brisk westerly was on its way, I crept through the elusive and contorted channel to Camadoe Quay and Bridge on the west of the Lough where *Jady Lane* could lie in peace. Here and at other places where old quays survive they are so high that landing from a dinghy is difficult. So ended a 20-mile journey without using the motor that put me well ahead of what I expected to be my schedule.

Next day I had a very brisk sail with the wind behind me across Lough Boderg and the adjoining Lough Bofin to the small town of Dromod that has a harbour as well as good road and rail communication with Boyle where I had started. As the harbour was on a dead lee shore I had doubts about how I would be able to cope, but all was well; I lowered the reefed mainsail in the lee of an island and gently felt my way into the harbour entrance that is scarcely visible from the water and was soon moored to the quay in perfect shelter. There I left *Jady Lane* while I took bus and

then taxi to collect car and trailer to recover and move on to the next stage.

The canal that links the Shannon and Erne Rivers is remarkable in that when it was built in the 19th century it attracted no commercial traffic at all, so soon closed. But with Ireland's recent prosperity the canal has been reopened and the link between the waterways has been restored and now well used by leisure cruisers. But a dinghy is not really suited to canals with quite a few locks and bridges and little opportunity for sailing.

So I towed *Jady Lane* to Upper Lough Erne to launch at Knockninny in Northern Ireland; finding on the way that, for mere mortals like us, the border no longer exists and that the only signs that one has changed countries is that kilometres have become miles and that road signs have shed their Irish language.

The wind remained in the northwest so I sailed southeastwards through the sometimes narrow channels between the many islands to Tiraroe Jetty, a place marked on the map as "Excellent in windy weather." The map used is *Ordnance Survey of Northern Ireland Activity Map of Lough Erne*. At a scale of 1:25,000 it is an exceptional map for boating people that includes water depths, navigation marks and a mass of other useful details.

Next day I sailed into the continuing maze of channels to the Crom Estate, stopping on a couple of occasions to look at individual islands, some wooded, some of rough grazing occupied by cattle ferried across the channels, also passing the surprisingly sited Hare Krishna Temple on Inish Rath close to the Lady Craigavon Bridge. The semi aquatic Crom Estate of the Earls of Erne is spread across both banks of the river and several islands and now belongs to the National Trust. In the 19th century this was the centre of leisure sailing in the area and the superb boat-house is a legacy from that time, but it is now almost stranded as the water level of the Upper Lough was lowered a hundred years ago.

I had my picnic lunch in company with two ex-policemen who now have the enviable job of acting as marine traffic wardens (their description) for Waterways Ireland, and they explained something of the setup. This was one of the first fruits of the Cross Border Agreement and they have benefited from having the first dip into the funds, and very good use they have made of it, too.

Everywhere, north and south of the Border, the waterways are in good condition with several newly reopened sections. Good jetty landing places are provided together

with slipways, lavatory blocks, car parks and picnic areas. Navigation marks on the Erne are very comprehensive fixed beacons, each numbered, and elsewhere a mixture of beacons and red or black buoys. And all this is free to users except for £1.50 for each lock or swing bridge and a card to give access to lavatory blocks. After Crom I threaded my way through the channels southwards to overnight in Lough Drumard, well sheltered but with rather more housing round it than shown on the map.

Next day I returned northwards, which required quite a lot of tacking and motor-ing as the wind remained from the north, but following a different route including some ditch crawling in little used and very shallow passages and finished up in a tiny sheltered bay at Finner's Islands quite close to my launching place.

Next day I sailed slowly northwestwards to take the westernmost channels of the river leading to Enniskillen, but once in the river it was necessary to motor all the way, lowering the mast for a couple of bridges on the way. This stretch is rather reminiscent, in scale and surroundings, of the best of the Thames above Reading, but much more rural with very few houses and no locks or towns. Well cared for cattle were plentiful in neat fields on low rounded hills with enough trees to enliven the scene.

Enniskillen is quite a big city midway between the two parts of the Lough, indeed the only significant town except those at the extreme ends of the system. After shooting the double bridge I went into a backwater and stopped on a public pontoon to look at the city and get a few supplies. Here, as everywhere that I stopped, the only precaution that I took was to not leave visible anything that looked worth stealing, like camera or mobile phone, and I never had any trouble, indeed few people took any notice except those who were interested in old boats.

On leaving Enniskillen I motored north into an increasing wind, through the lock that, being used only as a flood barrier, stands open (no charge!) and on to the jetty at Devinish Island, the first that one comes to in the huge Lower Lough Erne. I wandered alone among the well kept abbey ruins until a boat from the local hotel disembarked a crowd of guests, when I then set sail to tack northwards. It had been a busy day so I did not go far, but put into a little sheltered bay on the nearby Island of Trasna.

Next day the wind stayed light so tacking northwards was rather tedious. I put into Gublusk Bay, the home of the Lough Erne Yacht Club, to look at their archaic Fairy daysailing keel boats, a few of which still



Crom Estate Boathouse.



Secret harbour, Finner's Island

race with their short masts, long booms and gunter lug rigs. The clubhouse was quite new and spaciouly set out with a large shed filled with dinghies, some with their masts up and sails set! But the whole area was completely deserted, it was surreal, it felt as though the day had been cancelled and no one had told me.

I wandered around and found open doors but no people. The spell was finally broken when a man turned up in a car, but he too disappeared before I could talk to him. A little later I did get to chat to him for a while before continuing northwards to put into the next bay, Rosslare, for lunch under the trees close to the hotel. I sailed on a bit further before giving up in the failing wind and motored on inside the big islands off Castle Archdale Country Park and into a perfect landlocked inlet on Cleenishgarve Island for the night, a nature reserve, but I did not land to disturb anything. Altogether a rather slow 12-mile passage.

The breeze re-established itself during the night, still from the north; so I sailed south, having no desire to face the huge expanse of Lough Erne in strengthening winds; it does not need a note on the map to tell me that it "becomes rough in strong winds," I know what it can be like in fresh water when that happens. Besides, sailing among the islands is much more interesting, even if it does tax one's skill to identify which is which while keeping the boat on course in a strong following wind. I put in briefly at the marina at Castle Archdale to refill my water bottles, but curiously it too was depopulated, and the huge deserted car park had a strange notice that said that cars parked there would be clamped!

A few fierce tacks took me back out into the Lough to resume my exhilarating run south to Enniskillen and sail through the lock (I wonder when that was last done) to bring up above the bridges, this time at the public pontoon to the south of the city. After another visit to the city I sailed on to take the eastern set of channels leading back to Upper Lough Erne, and stopped for the night in a large bay off the river out of the reach of the wash from speed boats.

Next day the wind was still brisk and I was just able to keep sailing along the mean-dering course to Carrybridge where I paused to use the lavatories. I had a Porta Potti

aboard but was able to use the shore facilities on many occasions and used my garden trowel to improvise an earth closet on uninhabited islands; understandably they do not allow black water (as it is called) to be discharged into the waterways.

On re-entering Upper Lough Erne it proved a bit difficult to find a sheltered place to stop, as I had decided to rest up for the remainder of the day knowing it would be difficult to use the slipway if the northerly wind continued at that strength. At the second attempt I found a good place on the western tip of Inishleague, a very nice large island with a few woods and much quite good pasture occupied by good-looking cattle; there was also a derelict farmstead.

The whole of the Shannon-Ennee waterway basin is geologically a glacial rubbish dump where the soil is boulder clay, which makes a surrounding country of rich green farming land with plentiful trees, albeit lightly populated. But this means that where the clay has been eroded from the soil, the shores of the lakes and islands as well as much of the adjoining rivers are bounded by a belt of rocks varying in size from pebbles to substantial boulders. Beaching and landing is therefore hazardous, but as the water level is static a boat can lie just afloat quite safely even over sharp rocks, provided it is out of the wash of passing boats.

The only problem is to keep her in one place while walking ashore at gumboot depth; I am fortunate that *Jady Lane's* steel centreplate, as well as being a depth sounder, also serves as an entirely satisfactory anchor when lowered in shallow water. Although I carried two anchors I never needed to use them as this was the only method I used on the many occasions that I went ashore in places that were not provided with a jetty. The fringe of rushes along most of the shores also helped to prevent the boat swinging about, and I never even bothered to take a line ashore and never had any anxiety about leaving her unattended.

The next day, Sunday, I left my island early to get to the slipway before the wind picked up and *Jady Lane* was easily recovered. But I was annoyed to find that, being a private marina, I was charged £40 for launching and parking (my mistake for not asking first). So ended the first two parts of my cruise in unexpectedly good weather,

indeed for Ireland almost unheard of good weather, with only one shower in ten days. I had covered about 60 miles on Lough Erne and still left a huge amount unexplored; the two parts of the Lough certainly offer more than enough scope for a three or four week cruise on my own, particularly for aging dinghy cruisers who should set a more leisurely pace, and enjoy doing nothing more active than watching trees grow, for at least some of the time.



River Erne.

Lough Erne (Loch Éirne)
Location: County Fermanagh
Northern Ireland



Stepping ashore at the public dock in Pulpit Harbor, Maine, and walking along the road a way, visitors will encounter the first of a cryptic series of signs that say simply "Oysters" with an arrow pointing on up the road. "Oysters what?" the uninitiated might ask. It's a little like the part in Alice in Wonderland where she encounters a cake that says "eat me," or maybe it's more like finding a jelly bean trail in the woods that will lead either to hidden treasure or an evil witch. In any case if, curious and intrigued, we follow the arrows we will eventually arrive at the home of Adam and Mickey Campbell and their oyster farm on a brackish pond not far from the harbor. No witches here. Try one or two of their exquisite mollusks and one will be hooked for good. Such was my experience quite a few years ago, and I've been coming back ever since.

Once or twice a summer I saddle up *Penelope*, my engineless Marshall 22 catboat, for the always eventful passage from home on Swan's Island to the north shore of North Haven, Pulpit Harbor, and the oysters. Friends here on Swan's Island have become aware of this activity and I now receive commissions to buy oysters for them also. The oyster runs have become a tradition while *Penelope* has, in a small way, become an oyster freighter. I like to think she may now be the only craft on the coast engaged in inter-island trade under pure sail.

This past August 8, a Sunday, saw *Penelope* and I headed out of Burnt Coat Harbor on our most recent single handed oyster expedition. Clearing the harbor and heading up Jericho Bay, I was happy to note that we were enjoying a fresh breeze out of the south. Going west, as we hoped to be doing for the rest of the day, would be a lot easier and faster than it would be in the usual sou'wester. My wife had rightly insisted that I pay some bills and mow the lawn before leaving, so it was already after 1pm and I had some ground to cover.

West past the Halibut Rocks we went, past Southern Mark Island, McGlathery, Round, Wreck and the rest of Merchant's Row. By the time we were level with Farrel Island it was after 3pm and we had to decide whether to push on across East Penobscot Bay for some harbor on Vinalhaven or North Haven or to seek shelter on this side of the bay. On an engineless boat there comes a time every afternoon when we have to decide whether to trust the breeze and push on or call it quits for the day. This is particularly true if pushing on involves passage over a large body of water. The risk, of course, is that the wind will quit when we are out in the middle and leave us with an anxious wait for new developments. Much as we like being on the water, more or less helpless all night drifts do not rate among our favorite pastimes.

This breeze seemed stalwart enough and was, in fact, strengthening so we decided to push on. It was also true that this night's forecast called not for calm but for SW breezes gusting to 25 knots. Under such conditions no possible harbor could be better than Carver's Cove right at the eastern entrance to the Fox Island Thoroughfare, and this was where we decided we wanted to go. Nearby Seal Bay, long a favorite of ours, would have been good, too, but ever since Reed's Nautical Almanac cited the place as one of the most beautiful on the coast it has become way too crowded and the beauty, much of which had to do with pristine solitude, has become more

Oyster Run

Three Days in the Life of an Engineless Catboat

By W. R. Cheney



Penelope at the start of the Oyster Run out of Burnt Coat Harbor.

difficult to enjoy.

Jumping off from the vicinity of Scraggy Island and The Brown Cow we have a straight shot for the Fox Island Thoroughfare with the sheet eased. It is breezing up to well over 15 knots and the silvery breaking waves are bathed in a copper-toned, late afternoon haze. If we were dead on the wind, reefing might be in order, but as it is *Penelope* likes it fine and flies westward.

Scudding by Widow Island and into Carver's Cove, we pass a 26' sloop anchored just outside, the only place in the immediate area that offers little protection from the prevailing and predicted strong SW wind. She is rolling in the chop and flying a yellow flag from her starboard spreader that looks for all the world like a quarantine flag. She's also flying a US ensign from her stern, however, so this is not likely to be some confused foreigner thinking he can get pratique at Carver's Cove.

I give up trying to figure out what she is and what she is doing out there in the wind and the waves and head on into the anchorage proper. It's nice to see another small boat out cruising (a rare sight these days) even if her skipper doesn't seem to know what he is doing. A whole squadron of Cape Dory boats of various sizes is already lying in the anchorage, an association cruise, I guess, but there is plenty of room for everybody in this very commodious place.

With the anchor down and the boat all squared away I bring out the Trac Phone and attempt to phone my wife. It's no go, though, just as it has been at so many anchorages this summer. Cell phone service along the coast seems to wax and wane from year to year and this year is a bad one. Four or five years ago I could connect from almost anywhere. This year attempts to use the phone are met with

the message "no network" nine times out of ten. Sometimes I can go ashore and climb a high hill to try to get results, or sail out into open water. Sometimes it works, usually not.

A while later a large and powerful looking Winthrop Warner sloop, all fresh paint and bright varnish, comes in to add a little vintage class to the assemblage. In a conversation next day her proud owner mentions that her current condition is the result of a three year restoration project, "24/7." I believe him and am full of admiration for the dedication involved. Thoughts of my own maintenance program, which is restricted to one afternoon every spring when I paint the bottom and the trim, leave me feeling suitably humble.

I have brought a couple of fresh had-dock fillets from home and, sautéed in olive oil along with a little Cajun rub, they go down very nicely. A couple of glasses of good chardonnay join the mix along with some great blues music that is coming in over WERU. The evening is passing very pleasantly. Short of a working phone, I can't think of anything more I need or want. We are snugly sheltered by the nearby shore and even the presence of the recently constructed giant wind turbines which now loom over the anchorage like alien invaders from *War of The Worlds* does not bother us much.

Monday morning arrives with the same stiff breeze and a thick o' fog. I can just make out the quarantine flagged boat out in the wind and the chop. He has moved and re-anchored in an even worse place. Maybe she is a real plague ship, I think, or maybe her skipper is doing some kind of penance. It sure looks like he is trying to make things as hard on himself as possible.

The wind and the fog don't promise much for an early start so I decide on a leisurely breakfast of steak, eggs and home fries. Part of the room left over from when we took the engine out now goes to house a Weber "Baby" gas grill. We keep a folding bicycle and a case of wine down there, too. The grill is ballast most of the time and only comes out early in cruises when we still have fresh meat. Later the alcohol stove takes over and our cuisine goes downhill somewhat, descending from fresh fish, grilled chicken and steak to Spam, corned beef hash and other items of that ilk. It doesn't matter much though, it all tastes wonderful when we are out on the water.

Sated by a really good breakfast washed down by copious amounts of black coffee, we are ready for some exercise. For starters I row over to the largest of the Cape Dories to see if his cell phone works any better than mine. The answer is "no." The skipper says the further down east he gets, the more worthless his phone becomes. I could say that the further west I get, the more the same thing happens, but don't. The skipper then says I might have better luck trying the marine operator by VHF. Funny, he doesn't look that old. Marine operators are only a distant memory. The last ones gave up years ago, back when cell phones really worked out here.

Now I take a long row around the anchorage, starting slow and winding up hard and fast. I get plenty of exercise cruising an engineless catboat but not much of it is aerobic. Rowing fills this gap and I love to do it anyway.

Along the way I pause by a seining dory moored offshore which has become headquarters for a raucous band of terns. They are using the old boat as a base for their acrobatic forays in search of food. Camera always close

to hand, I have been looking for a chance to get some good shots of these elegant fliers. They let me get pretty close and I am hopeful there will be a useful result. One pair in particular intrigues me. The one I assume to be the male sits on the stem looking grumpy while the female circles and darts overhead delivering a torrent of imprecation, instruction and criticism. Reminds me of certain moments at home.



A domestic scene.t

Back alongside *Penelope* I notice that we have a stowaway. A large and truculent looking praying mantis is crouched on deck close to the scuppers. He is a lovely shade of green and looks right at home but, of course, the side decks of a boat in strong winds are not likely to be a safe place for an insect, however truculent. His presence is a mystery because anchored, moored or underway, *Penelope* has not been very close to shore for months. I decide to give his predicament some thought, but as I set my camera case down on deck a couple of feet away from him, he panics and takes off out over the briny deep.

Bad choice. He is not much of an aviator and his flight path quickly veers to the left and downward. He lands on his back and rides the crests in a sodden, unhappy way. He is lucky this is not a lake. At least there are no big bass lurking below, waiting to rise on such a succulent morsel.

Not overly given to sentimentality, I nonetheless feel somewhat responsible for this creature's plight. He was on my boat after all and, however unintentionally, I scared him off of it. Now I row over to where he is and get an oar blade under him. He gets the idea quickly and grabs hold. Now he is in the dinghy with me and I head for shore. He regards me from the stern sheets then, not done with his ill-conceived attempts at aviation, he launches himself forward and lands in my beard. A bit panicked myself, I shake my head violently and he falls off into the bilge water where once again he sloshes around on his back. This is not going well for either of us.

I can't remember stuff I once knew about praying mantises. Can they bite? Do they latch onto you with those formidable looking mandibles and not let go? I don't think so, but I'm not sure, and I don't want to find out the hard way. I decide to let him be where he is while I row as fast as I can toward shore. I'm not offering any more rides in my beard.

Touching shore at last, I offer him the oar blade again and he climbs on. I lay the oar blade on the transom and now only a 6"-8" jump will land him safely on shore. He jumps,

but alas, it is only a 5" jump. Now he is the plaything of the waves washing up on shore. First he is carried up and in and he grasps for solid ground, but then the backwash gets him and he is pulled out into deeper water.

This happens over and over and he is beginning to look a little bedraggled. The dinghy is caught in the same wave action and I'm afraid we will crush him as we crash back and forth. Finally a wave sends him careening against a rock, which is high enough to be dry on top. The mantis grabs a strand of rockweed and climbs wearily toward the summit. The rock is presently about a foot from dry land, but the tide is receding so if he bides his time a little he will be able to walk off unscathed.

I take this as my clue to depart. My karmic duties have been fulfilled. He is now in a better situation than when I found him. I wish him well and start back for my boat. But now, of course, he is likely to step ashore and meet some fetching mantis lass. She will show him a nicely formed mandible, and one thing will lead to another. A part of mantis lore that I do remember is that just when he reaches the pinnacle of all his ambitions with her, she will bite off his head and that will be the end of his story. Well, I can't do anything about that.

The fog is lifting and the wind is falling light. I decide to take advantage of what is left of the breeze and head onward for Pulpit Harbor. We sail off the anchor and head back into East Penobscot Bay. Leaving Carver's cove bound for Pulpit Harbor, we had a choice of going around North Haven either clockwise (west about) or counter clockwise (east about), approximately the same distance either way. An easy decision because the first part of the counter clockwise route will be downwind. In an engineless boat we always take downwind when we can get it. Hardy, moralistic types who chose to do the hard part first frequently find that the wind will shift at some time during the day and suddenly they have the hard part last as well as first.

Running out of the anchorage, *Penelope* seems to be going about as fast as the light following breeze. Although we are moving along at a good three or four knots it seems airless and the sun is getting very hot. I can't feel the wind on the back of my neck or judge its direction by turning my head and determining which ear is getting more. There are only the ripples on the water to tell me this.

I don't mind the heat and this easy ghosting along is delightful. But our peaceful idyll is shattered by the attack of a squadron of monster greenhead flies. These fat airborne thugs launch their kamikaze raids from nearby land when the going is light. Blood lusting, dagger jawed demons, they attack in fast, low flying swarms, circling and diving to deliver their stinging bite. And when they bite I know it.

The battle rages. I'm reminded of old newsreel coverage of 1940s naval battles in the Pacific. Dive bombers and massive anti-aircraft fire. Flack filled skies, ships burning and trailing smoke. I'm bitten a few times and manage to kill several of my attackers. It's not easy. I have to finish them off after I knock them down. Just swatting is not enough, they will fall to the deck and lie there for a while then revive and return to the attack. I smash them with any hard object that comes to hand and toss them over the side.

Damaged but undaunted we draw away from shore and the attacks diminish, then

stop. We are off Babbidge Island now and look back to get a last glimpse at the wind turbines looming over Carver's Cove. Don Quixote would have picked up his lance and headed back, but we have other business and head north up the bay.

Off Sheep Island, which we are rounding to begin our passage along the north coast of North Haven, I can see that while we are enjoying a lovely breeze out in East Penobscot Bay, the water beyond Sheep is still and glassy. Off to the west it is dead calm as far as the eye can see. I think about staying out in East Penobscot and changing my destination to, say, Castine up the bay where the wind is still blowing. This would be the sensible windjammer's approach, but we can't be sensible. This is the oyster run. We have to get to Pulpit Harbor.

So out of the sparkling breeze livened water and into the dead, glassy calm we go. We have Oak Island to starboard now and, not only is the wind gone, but the current is against us, too. Pointed west we are in a race with a lobster buoy and losing. We are losing our race with Oak Island, too, as it draws slowly further and further ahead.

About now the windjammer *Heritage* appears out of the west, pushed along by her yawl boat. Built relatively recently expressly for the windjammer trade, this large cream colored schooner is one of the two or three loveliest boats on the coast.



Heritage.

As she passes, *Penelope* loses all steerage way and falls off until she is pointed back east and drifting along beside *Heritage*. The man at the wheel gives us a thumbs up and calls out "Nice." Evidently he likes small gaff rigged catboats, because he has complimented us before in previous encounters. We, needless to say, are delighted with recognition from such a source.

A very feeble zephyr now springs up out of the NW and we are able to resume our progress along the North Haven shore, albeit very slowly. A quarter of a knot against the tide is not much, but at least we are moving. I reflect that most of the north shore of North

Haven, but particularly this stretch around Oak Island and Webster Head, is frequently a dead spot. Of the many times I have been becalmed or struggled along in very light air, a disproportionate number have occurred right here. There are a few such places along the coast and the engineless sailor knows them by heart.

West, out beyond Webster Head, the water has begun to glitter and dance. The afternoon sou'wester is beginning to prevail. We inch along toward this welcome sight and finally start to feel the breeze. Soon we have a robust full sail breeze and *Penelope* leans into it, eating up the miles as we tack along shore. A helicopter circles. Emblazoned across its side are the words "Boat Pix.Com" so I guess we are having our portrait taken.

A red lobster boat is working off the entrance to Pulpit Harbor and as we tack shoreward there seems to be a continuing conflict of interest between *Penelope* and this boat. Wherever I want to go, she seems to be also going, and visa versa. It is almost comical how often our courses converge, he heading for yet another lobster pot and I trying to get the most out of the wind. Of course, I do what I can to stay out of a working boat's way, but we seem to have an almost magnetic attraction for each other.

Past Pulpit Rock now and entering the harbor proper I decide to hang a right and go up into Minister's Cove. This little gut is mostly used by a contingent of Cabots who own summer houses along the eastern shore, but beyond their moorings there is plenty of room for a catboat to anchor, and the setting is far more tranquil than the always crowded main harbor.

I'm close hauled and driving at six knots toward a rocky shore only yards away now. I must tack immediately but I sense more than see that my friend the red lobster boat will be directly in my path when I do. I have no choice. Frantically, I give an arm signal indicating the direction I must go and put the helm over. If he doesn't get out of the way we are likely to collide. As we come up into the eye of the wind I hear a couple of violent crashes from the direction of my dinghy...

Now lobstermen have various attitudes toward recreational sailors. Some tolerate them and not a few even like them, especially if their boats are traditional or otherwise beautiful. Some see them as a mild nuisance. Still others are downright hostile, seeing them as a plague, feckless strangers from "away" with too much money and too much leisure. I had encountered all these attitudes at one time or another, but I had never made a lobsterman so angry that he would attack my boat, but this, I feared, was what was happening now.

Then a voice rang out, "There's some dinner for ya," it said. Looking into my dinghy, I could see that what had crashed into it was a fine pair of lobsters and, looking over at the red lobster boat I could see the smiling face of Adam Campbell, lobsterman and oyster farmer extraordinaire.

"All right!", I called over. "Thank you!" Then *Penelope* was almost on top of the other shore in that narrow entryway and it was time to tack again and away. We made our way through the Cabot fleet and found a quiet pool beyond the mooring field. Anchor down, we would just have time to cook our lobsters before dusk and the arrival of mosquito hour.

Anchored further up in the shoal water near the head of the cove was a small pulling boat covered by a tent-like canopy made

from a blue plastic tarp. Somewhere around 13' long, she looked like an Ian Oughtred-designed Scandinavian faering I had seen in *WoodenBoat*, a beautiful craft, but very small. I could just make out a bearded face visible in an opening in the canopy.

Now here was a true minimalist cruiser. Sailing as I do in a small, engineless catboat, I am usually the minimalist in any anchorage, but this guy made me look like J.P. Morgan. I determined that I really wanted to talk to this fellow, find out how his cruise was working out and where he was going. But that would have to be for tomorrow. There wasn't time to cook and go visiting before the mosquitoes made their nightly visit.

I tried phoning my wife again but that, of course, was hopeless. Then I tried phoning Adam Campbell or his wife Mickey to order up a load of oysters to pick up next day, but here at North Haven I couldn't even reach a number on the same island.

A voice was drifting over the water from the minimalist cruiser. Who could he be talking to? I couldn't believe that there was yet another person on that tiny boat. It just boggled the mind. Maybe he had a cell phone that worked better than mine. Or more likely, he was just talking to himself. All single handed voyagers are a little crazy, and many of them talk to themselves. I do it myself.

That settled, I got down to cooking my lobsters. Sadly I didn't have any butter to melt, but olive oil in which a little garlic had been sautéed did well enough. There was more white wine and WERU came through with a good jazz program. We settled in for a tranquil and pleasurable evening as the stars began to wheel overhead. It's a hard life, but somebody has to do it.

Tuesday morning saw us up with the sun around 5:30am. I have a busy day ahead, and one of the things I am really looking forward to is a chat with the minimalist in the faering. A look up the cove, however, reveals that he has already departed. I wonder if he has left because he likes to take advantage of the morning calm to make good time on his epic rows, or did the morning mosquitoes drive him out. His canopy looked equal to any rain that might come up and he did seem to have some kind of screening, but my own experience with makeshift tents and screens leaves me believing that the bugs always get in anyway. Sadly the details of his voyage and his beautiful boat will remain a mystery.

I have a half a lobster left over from last night and this, along with some may-

onnaise, is breakfast. I can't help thinking a little smugly that my breakfast was probably better than that of the departed minimalist. Something makes me think his breakfast was like the ones which Scott and Helen Neering used to offer to the young idealists who came to help them with farm work. I can see the volunteers coming down from the sleeping loft bright and early on the first day, visions of blueberry pancakes, home fries, bacon and eggs... a real hearty "Good Life" farm worker breakfast dancing in their heads. In the dining hall, the Neerings would offer them a cup of water, a handful of whole grains and a mortar and pestle with which to grind them up. Bon appetit!

I get in the dinghy and begin the long row to the town dock. From there I walk over the bridge and up the hill, which leads after a half mile or so to the well appointed island store. It is worth noting that the store is near Pulpit Harbor, not in the town of North Haven where one would expect it to be. There used to be a wonderful store in North Haven called Waterman's, but that is another story.

At the store I find a kind of raised platform outside, possibly used for unloading trucks. I clamber up on this (note that I have already climbed a substantial hill) and holding the Trac phone high over my head dial my home number. A tinny computerized voice tells me that if I want to use the such and such network, I must dial the whole ten digit number complete with area code. This I do and, wonder of wonders, I can hear my home phone ringing. Then my answering machine comes on. I manage to get out, "Hi sweetie, I'm at Pulpit Harbor," when the phone goes dead again and no amount of leaping in the air and holding the phone over my head will get the such-and-such network back again. At least my wife knows that the captain of her love boat and the light of her life is still alive and that will have to do her for now.

I dial the Campbell's number and am delighted to find that not only does the phone work in this context, but one of these busy people is at home. I quickly arrange with Mickey Campbell to meet at the town dock where she will deliver my order of oysters. I then repair to the store and buy a twelve-pack of Coors, just to make the walk back to the dock more burdensome.

I'm back at the boat by noon with my beer and my cargo of oysters, but no wind is stirring so I get out my Deluxe Anti-Gravity chair and a book, and while away an hour

Morning at Ministers Cove.

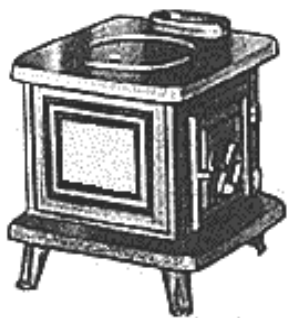


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or so waiting for wind. Around 1pm there is a stirring from the west and soon there is a pleasant five or six knots from that direction. We waste no time in setting the sail and then getting the anchor up and head out. When I was retrieving the anchor, the rode sticks in the bow roller where a shackle joins chain to nylon line. Perhaps unwisely I decide to sail out that way and deal with the problem when we reach more open water.

Approaching Pulpit Rock and running before the pleasant little breeze, we notice that in spite of our efforts to steer away from it, *Penelope* seems intent on running right up on the rock. It is only by sheeting in the sail that we can make her veer off and away from danger. About then a Herreshoff Bullseye comes sailing merrily by and leaves *Penelope* like she was standing still. Now we know something is seriously wrong. Bullseyes just don't sail by *Penelope*. I heave to and go forward to find that my dangling anchor has snagged a lobster pot and has been dragging it out of the harbor. This explains our steering problems and how the Bullseye could leave us in its spray. I free the lobster pot and finish retrieving the anchor. Then we are off after the Bullseye just to show who is really boss. They aren't having any though and quickly turn around, coming back in our direction. Ah well.

Down by Webster Head we run out of wind again. Same old dead spot. We drift for a while then things pick up a little and we are able to enjoy an uneventful crossing to the vicinity of Mark Island Light.

It's 5pm by the time we are off Crotch Island and Stonington, but here the breeze picks up nicely. Fifteen knots or more from the south, a perfect wind for pressing on to Swan's Island. Once again we have to decide if we will trust a breeze to get us to our destination. At this time of day we still have three or more hours of light, but the wind frequently quits between now and dusk. We decide to give it a go, committed now because, once past McGlathery Island, there are no more safe anchorages until Burnt Coat Harbor.

This breeze that we have is wonderful. Full sail or a little more and from the right direction. South is much better than SW because the wind will not be so far aft and we needn't worry about an accidental jibe. Such an occurrence can have serious consequences when the sheet is way out. A bolt in the gooseneck can slam into the mast causing an unfair load and breaking the gooseneck. I learned this once, the hard way, and have been very careful about it since.

Penelope flies along this familiar route and we are having a great time. The current is somewhat against us and will be more so, dead on in fact, when we get to Jericho Bay, but with this much wind it doesn't matter. We can give back a couple and still make nearly five knots over the ground.

As we pass the Halibut Rocks, the breeze begins to slacken a bit. It is falling away just when we need it most. With an incoming tide I realize I must sail for a point way south of Hockamock Head and hope that we can weather the line of ledges and small islands that makes out from there. This plan goes for nothing, however, because the wind dies altogether when we are in the vicinity of the nun off the High Sheriff. We lie off the Sheriff and begin drifting backward.

There is nothing for it. Out come the oars, a nice pair of long sculls that I used to use on an Appledore Pod. Hockamock Head with

its lighthouse and the harbor entrance is visible a little over two nautical miles to the east. To get there we must skirt the aforementioned ledges and small islands for most of that distance, leaving them to port and down current.

Progress is painfully slow. I seem to be making a half or more like a quarter of a knot in the direction I want to go which is crabwise, a little across and somewhat against the current. There is some residual chop, too, which slows the boat and rocks it, causing the boom to bang into my head if I don't duck repeatedly as I stand at the oars.

We gauge our forward movement by our relationship with nearby lobster buoys, and learn that, at our present rate, we are going to be out here a long time. This is about as tedious as it gets. One of my 70-year-old shoulders is getting sore so rowing brings a measure of pain as an unwelcome addition to the mix. Can't stop though. At this point it is keep rowing or wash up on the ledges to port.

Tedium, frustration and discomfort reign for what seems like a very long time, then disappear altogether when I happen to look northward and see massive black thunderheads building there. We may be tired, and we may be sore, but we are no longer bored. Our new emotion is not exactly fear, but could be justly called healthy apprehension. I've been rowing for an hour now and have made maybe a third of the distance I need to go to get into harbor. The light is failing fast, partly due to the time of day and partly due to the boiling jet black clouds that have begun to cover the sky.

This looks like it is could be a serious storm. Very heavy weather is a real possibility. If I had sea room I would consider dousing the sail before it. But here I would then have no steerage and no control and ending the cruise on the rocks would be a likely conclusion. Another possibility is scandalizing the sail but that, too, is an open water option. Now, with rocks and ledges in several directions, it would reduce maneuverability to a dangerous degree. Nothing to do but press on, with lightning slashing down to port, and thunder, a sound like distant warfare, getting closer.

I feel the stirring of a breeze now and quickly stow the oars below. We begin sailing, the squall hits, *Penelope* staggers and then we are flying. I have gone over seven knots a couple of times in this boat and I am sure we are doing so now. Fortunately we are running before it with the harbor entrance dead in our sights.

The day has gone pitch black and the thunder and lightning come from overhead, flooding our surroundings in garish, staccato flashes of blue-white light and bursts of crashing sonic mayhem. I'm fleetingly reminded of the strobe lit discotheques we sometimes frequented back in the '60s and '70s. The lighting is right, but even their high decibel pandemonium would seem hushed and sedate compared to this. We shoot in past the lighthouse as heavy rain begins to fall. I steer to port and we gain the lee of Hockamock Head.

There is no telling if the worst is over or if the fun is just beginning. Discretion is the better part of valor so I heave to and anchor immediately. I have no thought of trying to find my own mooring up at the head of the harbor. No thought of trying to get to home and a warm meal. Right now I just want to sleep. The issue may have been in some doubt, but all is well now. As my old time Bahama acquaintances would have put it, "the oysters done reach."

On a hot 90° early summer day in 2005 I had driven our Montgomery 15 *Leppo* to Lake Pocotopaug in Connecticut and was preparing to launch it. We had a spot at the small marina and so could go sailing there at anytime. First I had to rig the boat and then use the East Hampton Town launch ramp. From the launch ramp it was only 100' to my dock space.

So the launch drill began. You know how it goes, take the outboard out of the back of the VW station wagon and hang it on the lift motor mount. Climb up the short ladder into the cockpit and sort out the rigging. Are the shrouds clear? Are the main and the jib halyards on the right sides of the mast? Is everything clear for raising the mast?

I put the bolt through the mast step and the foot of the mast, pushed the mast up and held it in place with the jib halyard in the cam cleat on the cabin top. Then I could attach the forestay to the bow fitting and tension it. I pulled the boom with the furled mainsail out of the cabin and put it in place. I rigged the boom topping lift and attached the main sheet. The sail slugs were fed, one by one, into the slot in the mast. With all of them in place I closed the gate, then attached the boom downhaul.

I got more gear out of the station wagon and climbed the ladder a number of times loading equipment in the boat. As I continued working, the perspiration started rolling off my forehead and dripped from my nose. By this time my shirt was soaking wet, too. Finally I stood for a moment in *Leppo's* cockpit, wiping the perspiration from my brow, taking a small breather from all my heavy lifting and climbing up and down, and looked out at the tranquility of Lake Pocotopaug. There wasn't a boat to be seen anywhere, no outboards, no PWCS, nothing was moving on the water surface, not even someone paddling a canoe or a kayak.

Suddenly I noticed a commotion on the water surface far out on the lake. It was a huge disturbance, a welling up of massive amounts of water, and out of its center I saw something totally unbelievable appearing. It looked like a chariot being pulled by horses, only the chariot was a very large cornucopia shaped seashell. The horses, as they neared the shore, turned out to be a team of two huge seahorses who were being guided in my direction by two beautiful mermaids.

Sitting in the chariot was the strangest sight of all, a tall, very muscular man, dripping wet, totally nude, sitting on a small throne in the large open end of the cornucopia shell. He had a pointed beard, Greek style, had seaweed for hair, and the seaweed hair was topped by a king's crown. In his left hand he held a long handled trident with a nice large mouthed bass impaled on the tines. I stood there open mouthed looking at this strange group who were heading directly towards me.

They came up the East Hampton Town boat ramp and stopped alongside of *Leppo*. I climbed down to get a closer look at my visitors. The nude man with the seaweed hair and the king's crown stepped out of his chariot and walked towards me, popping the top on a cold can of Foster beer, and handed it to me. I thanked him and gratefully took a long drink. Then he introduced himself.

"I'm Poseidon, Ruler of the Oceans," he said, "and I've come to have a bit of a chat with you. Let's sit down on the grass in the shade of this big oak tree where we can talk."

Poseidon Visit

By Conbert H. Benneck
Glastonbury, Connecticut

After we were seated, with the pretty mermaids curled up close by, Poseidon opened another can of Foster beer for himself and got directly to the point of his visit. "Connie, just how old are you now?"

"Eighty-four," I replied.

He sat for a while in contemplative silence, looking out at the lake, admiring the Montgomery 15 and slowly sipping his beer. Then he turned towards me and asked, "Does your Admirable still enjoy going sailing on your small ship after her hip joint replacement operation?"

I had to admit that she wasn't as nimble on the boat as she once had been but then, to tell the truth, neither was I. There was another long pause, as we sat in the shade sipping our beer.

Finally Poseidon asked, "Connie, just how long do you think you can keep going sailing?"

I had to admit that it was becoming a bit of a physical chore. I wasn't as fast on my feet as I used to be, my reflexes weren't as fast as they used to be and lifting and carrying boat gear was becoming more and more work with each excursion. Our Montgomery 15' sailboat was also a bit skittish at times when I would walk from the cockpit to the bow and a motorboat wave hit. My mind tells me I am 30, OK, well maybe 40, or maximum 45, but my body just giggled at hearing this. Poseidon had made his point very well.

Poseidon felt it was time for me to swallow the anchor. He finished his cold can of Foster beer. He shook hands with me and chuckled as he said, "Connie, remember that time when you were sailing in the Adriatic in *Fun Too* and I stole one of the bottles of beer from your net, way down deep in the Adriatic, and you didn't know where it had gone? That was a great joke, wasn't it? I'll never forget the expression on your face when you pulled up, your net, opened it and found that one bottle missing. I also want to thank you for all the Doomkaats and Schnapses you have given me before you started each voyage over all the years you have been a sailor."

"I kept an eye out for you, even if you thought I was the Klabautermann or Neptune. We're all one and the same person, different countries, different names. When I got back to Olympus that evening and told the others the story of the beer bottle and what I had just done to you, even Zeus and Aphrodite had to laugh and said, "Poseidon, you really showed these mere mortals what we Gods can do if we feel like it."

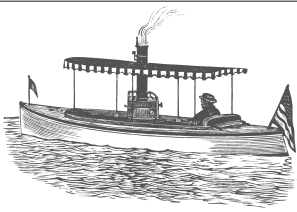
He climbed back on his seashell chariot, the mermaids turned the seahorses around and down the ramp and into the lake they drove. Poseidon turned and waved at me, and then out near the middle, like a submerging submarine, they disappeared underwater and were

gone. Moments later the surface of Lake Pocotopaug was a flat calm again as if nothing had happened.

I hardly believed what I had just experienced, but then the physical evidence of the meeting forced me to accept the reality of the occurrence. I didn't have any Foster beer in my cooler on board *Leppo*, but now I still held an unfinished can of Foster beer in my hand, and lying under the big oak tree where Poseidon and I had sat and talked, was a second Foster can now empty. It had been a surreal encounter. The Greek God Poseidon, the brother of Zeus, had visited me and had given me a message to reflect on.

For the rest of the summer, whenever I was sailing on Lake Pocotopaug and crossed the spot where Poseidon had appeared when he visited me, I thought about his message. Poseidon was right. The Admirable didn't want to go out sailing with me anymore because she no longer felt sure footed and stable on *Leppo*. We both were now forced to accept the fact that we were getting older. Nautical know-how and manual skills of all kinds still kept increasing, while physical strength, dexterity, and balance were decreasing.

Sadly, Poseidon's judgment, and recommendation to me, was correct. It was time for us to swallow the anchor. As September arrived we sold *Leppo* to a young couple from Montpelier, Vermont, who took her back to Lake Champlain. Sailing has been a great life-long adventure for Katharina, for our children, Hildegard and Gerhard, and for me.



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Justin bringing up the clamp.

Boatbuilding with Burnham

The ongoing saga of the building of the pinky schooner *Ardelle* in Essex, Massachusetts

Reprinted from Harold Burnham's Blog
Created by Laurie Fullerton



The view from here looks good.



Clamp going in.

Clamp coming through.



A Saturday shot by Dan Tobyne.



Deck beams all bolted down.





Perry Ardelle Burnham and her Dad, Harold.



From the *Maine* to the *Ardelle*, the new used mast.



Harold and Chuck working on the bow.



Sanding is fun but there are a lot of other more interesting things to do. We'll get back to it.



Chuck working on the gammon knee.

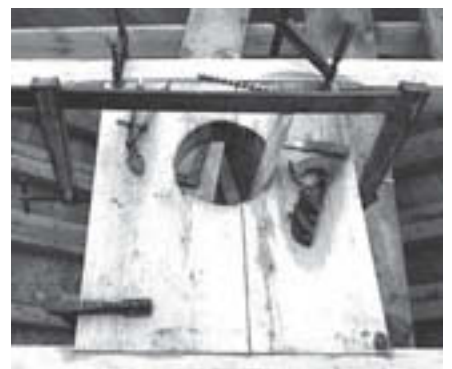
The bow.



Master craftsman Henry Szostek.

Insert mast here.

Bernie Noon and the crew have done a great job cleaning up the blocks taken off the *Maine*.





Big Tom

In 1938, my father went to Jersey City where he purchased a 260' railroad barge from New York Central, towed it to Eastchester Bay and dropped a 6,000lb anchor off the west coast of City Island where he moored this huge fishing barge near Big Tom's Rock. Living accommodations were constructed for our family where once railroad cars were stored.

Launch service from City Island was provided by a lapstrake or clinker built 32' boat, which ferried customers the mile and a half trip to *Big Tom* for a cost of 50¢ per adult! Bert Lahr (*Wizard of Oz* fame) was one of our weekend customers, as he and his family stopped by for bait, sandwiches and drinks in his 24' Chris Craft motorboat.

The view for our customers was spectacular. On a clear day the Empire State building was visible as well as a great portion of the eastern shore of Manhattan. As they passed Stepping Stone Lighthouse, great ocean liners leaving Manhattan via the East River and Long Island Sound were an added attraction to be seen from *Big Tom*. The swells from the wakes of these ocean liners barely impacted the barge as they slapped up against its thick hull.

There was plenty of excitement on that old barge for a ten-year-old. However, I waited for the summer weekend racers of the decked boats to come into view. They were sailing from the northern tip of City Island to compete on a triangular course, which included the marker off of Big Tom's rock. In a southerly wind, the anchor chain off our barge would stretch out so far that it would let the barge intrude into their race course, forcing them to go around us. The tiny sailboats sailed so close to our hull that I could hear Joey Farrugia yelling, "You don't have to be crazy but it helps." I swore that one day I would sail one of those boats!

"You don't have to be crazy but it helps!"



My City Island Years

Part 2

By Fay Jordaens

Doris

I had been a passenger in my father's boat, his launch *Doris*, many times, especially when he ran us off to school, when he one day said to me, "Fay, take the wheel, I have to adjust something on the engine." With that he threw off the inboard cover of the huge Chevrolet motor, knelt down to shut off the bilge cock and open the seacock to drain sea water to cool the engine.

It was 1939, I was nine years old and had never before had a steering wheel in my hand, though many times I had watched its operation. I was stunned that my father just assumed that I could run the boat! While my father knelt over the engine, I struggled with the steering wheel. I was oversteering so badly that by the time I got *Doris* back on course, I was lunging badly in the opposite direction. Very shortly, I got the hang of it and dad never knew how awful I had been at my first experience "at the helm."

Fortunately, I had paid attention to my father when he gave instructions to my brother. He would say things like, "if you smell the engine overheat, throw the stick shift into neutral, open the cover, shut off the bilge cock and

turn on the seacock." Then he always added, "Never turn off the engine if the motor is overheating, you might crack the manifold, just add a pail of water and do the proper adjusting." Occasionally *Doris* would make a whining noise when Dad tried to start the engine. He showed my brother how to remove the four bolts that held down the starter and adjust the spindle, rebolt the starter and bingo! *Doris* would start. It was so simple that luckily, I was able to do this myself.

Aboard his 60' fishing boat, *Sea Queen*, Dad ran into a problem when his twin-screw engines failed him. He threw out the anchor and made a call to my mother. He said, "Send Fay over here in *Doris*. I'm on the other side of Hart Island, my engines have conked out on me and I need assistance." Before I got to the City Island Bridge, I could smell the engine overheating. Because I was in a rush, I just kept filling the bilge up with pails of water until I got to Dad. He jumped aboard and took over. I was barely 15 years old!

I enjoyed running *Doris* and specialized in coming in for a landing at top speed, throwing the transmission into reverse and stopping on a dime, getting off the boat and securing it. Definitely grandstanding. One day I went through that routine, threw the motor into reverse and the engine conked out on me. The spindle was sprung and it wouldn't restart. I sailed past the float, boat hook in hand. Tossed out the anchor, lifted the hatch and repaired the spindle. It was the last of my grandstanding landings.

Frank and Rudy Discover City Island



Frank in the bow, Rudy at the helm.

In 1936, one nickel each got teenagers Frank Jordaens and his best friend Rudy Wagner a trip on the IRT subway line from Hells Kitchen in Manhattan to Pelham Bay Station in the Bronx. To save a nickel on bus fare, they walked from Pelham Bay to City Island carrying their bagged lunch, each boy promising to carry the lunch at the imaginary halfway point. Since they always argued about where

the halfway mark was, Rudy would put the lunch on the ground declaring, "it's halfway, your turn," and Frank would walk away disagreeing with the halfway estimate.

This always wound up in a fight that ended with them settling it by sitting on the ground and eating their lunch long before they got to Goslings Boat Yard where they jointly owned a canoe! Many years later

when they were both in their 60s, Rudy came to visit Frank at Grant's Boat Club and again accused Frank, "You wouldn't carry our lunch at the halfway mark!" Totally amused by Rudy's accusation, a chuckling Frank offered Rudy an effusive apology, which brought Rudy to tears!

When Frank and Rudy got Goslin's they took out their canoe, which they sometimes paddled and oftentimes sailed. In time they traded their canoe for a broken down Star, #2731. Rudy's dad completely rebuilt the Star for the boys and they took it out sailing and began to look for races in which they could partake. They sailed around the entire east coast of City Island to get to the yacht clubs where they joined a fleet of Stars racing in Eastchester Bay; thus began their racing career.

However, this was not a successful effort, not just because they argued over who would skipper the boat, but how best to conduct themselves in a given race. It seems that Rudy was satisfied to take the lead in a race, then he would drop out just before crossing the finish line, because, after all, "we got the lead, we don't need to cross the finish line, we already proved our point." This drove Frank nuts! They argued incessantly over everything related to sailing.

So it's no wonder that Frank found himself coming to City Island alone by 1940 looking for a boat he could afford and one he could sail and race alone! That was how he found the sailing decked canoes in Ratliff's Island Canoe Club. It was at Ratliff's that

he began his racing career, but it was from library books in Hells Kitchen that he learned the rudiments of racing along with the all the important tactical skills. He religiously studied Manfred Curry's *Aerodynamics of Yacht Sails and Racing Tactics*.

World War II interrupted their life plans. At 21 years of age Frank and Rudy were draftable. The war caused them to go in different directions and they lost touch with one another for the duration of the war. When his wartime service was over, Frank rejoined his fellow sailors at the Island Canoe Club, where he raced his decked canoe and where many nautical thrills awaited him.

Introduction to IC Canoeing

During those years when we lived aboard Dad's 360' railroad barge fishing station, decked canoes often sailed by on their way to the markers which made up their triangular course. Finally, when I was almost 17 years old, I walked into the Island Canoe and Yacht Club and asked Aunt Liz if she could introduce me to someone with a decked canoe. Frank Jordaens happened to have his rigged boat on the float, ready for a launching. He said he would let me sail his boat if he could sit astern in case I had a problem sailing and I was thrilled.

I had been around boats, and ran some of my father's motor boats since I was very

young, but I had never had my hand on a tiller. I sat on the hiking board of the decked canoe and in one tack I had the hang of sailing, coming about, and landing the boat. Within a short time I bought my own decked canoe, a red one, #16 named *Puffin*.

My future would involve sailing against champion sailors like Lou Whitman, Adolph Morse, Whitey Perlmutter, Johnny Stierstorfer, etc. I knew at that time that I was the first woman to ever race against the fleet of men in decked sailing canoes. But this is for a later installment.

Summer of '47, 17 years old and ready to go racing.



The following is a short history of sailmaking on City Island, where decked canoe sails were designed from the early 1920s to the current century. Special mention is made here of Ratsey & Laphorn, Fuller, Vallentine, Ulmer, Wilson and Hild, all lofts known for their sailmaking expertise. They were favorite lofts of the America's Cup boat owners as well as of the canoe fleet.

In 1851, the first America's Cup defender carried 5,236 square feet of heavy cotton sail area, hand stitched canvas supported by two masts. By the 1900s, sailing ships, large and small, were outfitted with finer, lighter cotton sails that were partially stitched on special sewing machines and partially hand sewn. One can see the beginnings of different sail building techniques and boat design and how this natural progression in technology created competition on many levels. Usually, competitors learned about sail and boat innovations at the races. For instance, every country in the America's Cup series wanted to win, the question was to find the winning combination of boat, sail and rigging design that would fit into the agreed upon rules of competition. This part of our story addresses the contribution of City Island's sail lofts in the first half of the 20th century.

In 1902, when the Robert Jacob Yard invited George Ratsey of Ratsey and Laphorn to establish a loft within its premises the huge loft flourished, building sails along with its reputation. By 1917 Ratsey left the Jacob Yard and established its own headquarters on City Island's East Schofield Street. The 1920 sails for America's Cup yachts, *Vanitie*, *Resolute* and *Shamrock IV*, carried Ratsey-built sails. With each successful Cup win, the Ratsey & Laphorn reputation continued to grow and garner richly deserved kudos for their innovative and well built sails. Ratsey had some competition when Fuller Sails moved

Historic Vignette Sailmaking on City Island

By Fay Jordaens and Tommy Nyes

to the Island in 1928, across the street from the newly established Minneford Yacht Yard.

Soon after William Fuller left Burrows Sails at 2 South Street in Manhattan for 175 City Island Avenue and Earley Street, he offered stock in his new loft to his friend and co-worker Gunnar Vallentine, and they became business partners. As a chief cutter at Ratsey's, Charles Ulmer made a career move and joined Vallentine & Company in 1938 as a cutter, salesman and partner. After the World War II, a small fire caused the temporary relocation of the loft. During that time Charles Ulmer bought the Fuller sail loft site and established Ulmer Sails. A disappointed Vallentine left and eventually built his own loft at 135 City Island Avenue, across the street from Minneford's and the Robert Jacob Yard. As early as the 1930s sail lofts began experimenting with synthetic materials; i.e., Nylon, Orlon, but eventually, they settled on mildew proof Dacron.

During an International Trophy race with the English in 1959 for the New York Canoe Club International Challenge Cup Trophy, it was to Ulmer Sails that Lou Whitman rushed and ordered a full batten rig to vainly try to compete against the English. In the 1950s Ulmer, and other lofts, successfully built Dacron suits of sails and this success completely changed the direction of the business. Charles Ulmer eventually merged and became UK Halsey. As time went by Dacron was perfected, so that the twist in the thread became tighter and tighter and this produced suits of sails built of synthetic material that not only held their set but did so with surprising dependability and lightness of weight.

Imagine the difference in sail technology since the time of City Island resident Capt Charlie Barr and today's Cup defenders. While Barr skippered and won the America's Cup as he sailed Cup defender *Reliance* in 1903, he carried 16,000 square feet of heavy, cumbersome sail. Today, if Capt Barr's 16,000 square feet of sail was ordered at UK Halsey, these are the differences in the transaction; the cotton sails of yore would be replaced by a light synthetic sail that would be computer designed in one loft, cut by a computerized sewing machine in another loft, its panels laminated and numbered, the sail would be assembled and delivered to the original loft, where it was designed and ordered, and battens, reef points, etc. would be added. Then the sail was ready for pickup or delivery. The entire suit of sails would be preserved on a database for future reference!

This is a far cry from Charlie Barr's sail order of 1903, which took longer to finalize and then produced a less competitive sail. Competition and technology will see to it that sails of the future continue to improve and change in every imaginable way, this is also true of rigging and yacht design.

Ratsey, Fuller, Vallentine and Ulmer converged on City Island during the early 1900s where, as trailblazers, they forged their talents and made their marks on the sailmaking industry. City Islander Herb Hild developed his own sail loft in the latter half of the last century on the east coast of City Island. At some point in time, the decked boat fleet patronized every one of the above mentioned lofts.

Today, the Ulmer descendants are involved in operating a successful enterprise known as UK Halsey at 175 City Island Avenue, the original Fuller Sails site. Herbie Hild's loft is now known as Doyle-Hild. UK Halsey and Doyle-Hild are successful, world famous lofts while large lofts like Vallentine and Ratsey are no longer in business on City Island.

The International Scene

The Administration, some members of Congress and many in the media attack the oil companies for their greed but here are a couple of facts that may illustrate the unique financial conditions under which US oil companies operate. One: The oil companies pay a royalty of 18.75% to the federal government on all oil produced in the US. Two: Ethanol/biofuels receive federal support totaling \$5.72 per million BTU while petroleum and natural gas receive a subsidy of just \$0.03 per million BTU.

Driving its ships at high speeds (over 18 knots) through the pirate ridden Indian Ocean and the Gulf of Aden and paying for piracy related crew hardships cost shipping giant Maersk \$100 million last year and that figure is expected to exceed \$200 million in 2011 due to increasing fuel costs.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships collided or allided: On the Kiel Canal, the clipper bow of the container ship *OOCL Finland* swept the entire wheelhouse off the Russian container ship *Tyumen-2*. Two of four men in the wheelhouse ended up on the bottom of the Canal, still inside the upside down wheelhouse. A tanker ran into the embankment while trying to pass the two ships.

In Australia, Fremantle authorities were reminded that a 2004 engineering report had stated that the port's "traffic" (vehicular?) bridge was structurally unsound when the refueling tanker *Parmelia 1* hit the nearby rail bridge. It appeared that an incoming tide contributed to the allision. No fuel was spilt and the small tanker was towed away after the incident.

The container ship *MSC Maria*, enroute from St Petersburg to Rotterdam, ran into the concrete breakwater outside Kronstadt harbour at 10.8 knots, even though the crew had dropped an anchor. Apparently the vessel experienced a rudder malfunction.

In the North Sea, the standby safety vessel *Grampian Defender* lost all power as it approached the BP Magnus platform and the vessel slid under the platform. One bent mainmast.

Ships ran aground: In Australia at Gladstone, the coal loaded bulk *Dumun* ran aground in the main shipping channel due to steering failure and a tug helped free it an hour and a half later.

In the Philippines, the Panama registered cargo ship *Double Prosperity* was enroute to India from Australia with 65,900 metric tons of coal when it hit the Bakud Reef off Kiambatown.

Fires and explosions took a toll: About 40 nautical miles off the Kannur coast in north Kerala a fire broke out in the engine room of the *Orchids*, a tanker bound for Cochin Port from New Mangalore with gasoline. The fire was immediately doused and there was no fuel or gasoline spill and no casualties.

Off remote Tristan da Cunha island in the South Atlantic, an explosion (probably fueled by an ammonia gas leak) resulted in a fire on the Taiwanese fishing vessel *Lai Ching*. Dead were five crewmembers, four went missing and the remaining members managed to survive by jumping off the ship, getting into lifeboats and waiting for help. They were soon picked up by the nearby *Hsiang Man Ching*. This vessel waited for Tristan da Cunha rescuers to take the 11 most severely injured crewmembers and then headed for Cape Town at ten knots with 13 slightly injured crewmembers. Mean-

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

while, the South African Navy *Valour* class frigate *SAS Isandlwana* headed for Tristan da Cunha to assist in treating the seriously injured Taiwanese sailors.

In the Faroe Islands, fire broke out on board one of the Islands' largest fishing vessels, the 345' trawler *Athena*, which was being rebuilt at Runavik after a massive fire last October. The latest fire went out of control, a large explosion was heard and the Coast Guard vessels *Brimil* and *Tjaldrid* were deployed to fight the fire. People in the local area were evacuated due to dangers of the smoke and escaping gas. (The vessel's ammonia plant contained 18 tonnes of ammonia.) An attempt was made to tow the ship out of the harbor but that meant passing a towing wire through the *Athena's* bow-propeller tunnel underwater since it was impossible to make fast above deck. It was the third time *Athena* had been struck by a large fire.

Other things happened: Off New Zealand's South Island, more than 100 people were marooned for a while on the drill ship *Noble Discoverer* off the Taranaki coast. The rig, which had been drilling on the Ruru-1 exploration well on the southern boundary of the Maui gas field, was disconnected from its wellhead as a precautionary measure before heavy winds hit. But during the height of the storm, some of the vessel's anchor lines failed and the remaining lines were released, enabling the ship to be steered safely away from the location to find shelter in deeper water. Rolling heavily in the big seas due to its drilling derrick, the top heavy vessel may have drifted within 1,000 metres of the *Maui-B* production platform near the Tui oilfield to the north and the floating production and storage vessel *Umuroa*, laden with thousands of barrels of crude oil.

While leaving a pier at Houston, the container ship *Horizon Challenger* clipped the dock and damaged a crane. Any problems were quickly and amicably resolved.

Off Campeche, Mexico, 713 oil platform workers were evacuated when the flotel ("floating hotel") oil platform *Jupiter* sank. The structure is taller than the water depth so much of the flotel remained above water.

Humans got hurt but some were rescued: In the Fermer Baelt in the Baltic, a seaman was crushed on *Solitaire*, the world largest pipelay vessel, and he was rushed to a Norwegian hospital.

While laying cables in Scotland, a crewman on the landing craft *Forth Guardsman* fell overboard and was trapped between the cable and the vessel. He died.

Five miles off Slaughter Beach, Delaware, a crewmember fell some 20' into a cargo hold on the Greek oil rig *Cosmic*. Paramedics backboarded the patient for transport. A State Police helicopter then lowered medical personnel to the ship. They and the casualty were hoisted up to the chopper, which went to the shore where the casualty was stabilized. He was then flown to a hospital where he was listed in critical condition.

Lifeboat drills again took a human toll. This time it was in the Chinese port of Yan-

tian and it was two officers on the container ship *Christophe Colomb* who died when the release mechanism failed and the lifeboat dropped into the water. Ironically, the lifeboat was fitted with an IMO-recommended fall preventer.

At Singapore, a Bangladeshi dockworker and the corpse of a companion were found in a container. They had been there for nine days with nothing but a pack of cigarettes, having entered the container for a post meal nap.

At Houston, a crane was used to retrieve an injured female stevedore from the hold of a ship, possibly the Norwegian flag bulk *Fermita*.

Gray Fleets

The US Navy demonstrated a new laser weapon by tracking a small boat underway in rough water. First the laser set fire to one of its two 200hp outboard motors and soon both motors were aflame. Worldwide, millions of video viewers silently cringed at the wanton destruction. The 15kw laser was mounted on the destroyer *USS Paul Foster* (DD-964). The Navy plans to acquire a megawatt laser weapon that should cut through 2,000' of steel a second.

Up to 1,000 workers may be added to Newport News Shipbuilding's *Virginia* class attack submarine construction program as production increases to two subs per year. But the Navy suspended the authority of its Norfolk command to oversee repair of Navy ships by private contractors, citing missing and flawed reports. A senior officer will provide technical oversight until confidence is restored.

The US Navy relieved the commanding officer (a female) of the *USS Ponce* (LPD-15) for poor leadership and failure to follow up on reports of sailors hazing other sailors. She was also charged with improperly handling a loaded weapon, thus endangering some of her crew. The executive officer (a male) was relieved for failing to support her. Both officers were "mustangs," having started their Navy careers as enlisted personnel.

The Royal Navy's latest £1.2 billion nuclear submarine, the hard luck *HMS Astute*, continued its trouble attracting career. The hi tech nuclear powered attack sub was towed to the Faslane Naval Base after it suffered "a technical issue with hydraulics" that could have killed the entire crew. Reportedly, the hydraulics controlled the sub's diving planes.

At Singapore, a civilian subcontractor working on one of the ship's sea boats fell 13 metres from the side of the Australian replenishment oiler *HMAS Success* into the water. Three Navy sailors came to his aid, entering the water to bring the unconscious man to the surface but he died a few hours later from his injuries.

White Fleets

Cruise fleet operator Carnival Corp filed a lawsuit in the United States District Court Eastern District of Louisiana seeking damages for "economic losses and damages" it claims to have suffered as a result of the BP oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico. The lawsuit named just about every firm or organization and person connected with the spill.

In Turkish waters, the cruise ship *Melody* lost power near the Akbas Light while transiting the Canakkale Strait and that gave its 946 passengers a thrill. The tug *Kurtarma-1* soon arrived and stood by until the cruise ship's engines ran sweetly again.

In Alaska, the 935' cruise ship *Westerdam* was maneuvering through ice near Hubbard Glacier in the vicinity of Yakutat Bay when it sustained damage approximately 15' below the waterline. The hull was reportedly not breached and no injuries or pollution were reported. The *Westerdam* continued on her voyage to Sitka.

In the Bahamas, a passenger from the *Carnival Sensation* was killed and another was seriously injured in a shoreside jet ski accident.

How sanitary is your typical cruise ship? The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention rigorously inspect each vessel and assigns a sanitation rating. Anything below 86 is a fail. One cruise company averages a rolling 12-month average for all of its ships of 98.7 and the *Norwegian Epic* got a 100 in its first test. A few cruise ships do get close to the fail level but none have failed since the *Albatross*, a private vessel, earned a 69 back in February 2010. Standards seem high. Dipping a pot in a hot sanitizing mix for less than 30 seconds is a typical no-no, as is storing strawberries in a plastic bag in the same chest freezer as raw meat.

They That Go Back and Forth

In Libya, the passenger ro/ro *Red Star* came under rocket attack from government forces while helping to evacuate people from Misrata. At least five people died and there was widespread panic among those trying to board the vessel. The vessel, chartered by the International Organization for Migration (IOM), had waited offshore for several days because of the continuing fighting.

At least 20 people drowned and five others were missing after a minibus carrying 32 passengers slipped into the Nile while it was disembarking from a ferry. The bus was returning from a traditional visit to a graveyard on the fortieth day after the death of a relative of one of the passengers.

In Bangladesh, the double decked ferry *Bipasha*, operating at night on the Meghna River and badly overloaded with 200 on the 30 person capacity ferry, struck a sunken vessel and itself sank. About 6- swam to shore but more than 30 died.

The anchor of the Norwegian ferry *Pride of Telemark* (28,559gt, built 1983) dragged a fibre optic cable about 200 to 300 metres out of position while on a voyage from Spind to Lundevagen, and that left customers at Spind without broadband. The vessel required the assistance of pilot boats to get loose. The cable was destroyed and a new cable was estimated as costing a surprisingly modest 150,000 Norwegian Crowns (about \$27,000).

In the Sea of Japan, the Russian ferry *Michael Lukonin* sent out a distress call during a storm, with waves of up to 2.5 meters high and with winds up to 15 meters per second. It had lost use of its main engine. The Sakhalin Shipping Company's large *Pioneer Kholmisk* (or *Pioneer of Kholmisk*) went to the rescue (as it often seems to do) and towed the disabled ship to Djigit Bay in the north of Primorsky Krai. There, repairs were made and the ferry headed for Korea, possibly to be scrapped.

Somewhere probably in the Philippines (the news item was negligent in the completeness of its reportage of Who, What, Where, When, Why), the passenger ro/ro *Mary the Queen* (7,054 gt, built in 1985 as the *Ciudad de Valencia*) ran aground after "the vessel tried to head back to port due to big waves. Due to low tide, the vessel was maneuvering back to port but got stuck in shallow water

about 2km off pier 8." That left at least 1,000 passengers stranded. Two tugs proceeded to the scene to tow the vessel off but had to wait until the high tide came in.

In the State of Washington, a multi car collision on the Kingston ferry dock delayed sailing of the *Spokane*. One vehicle collided with a railing and that caused at least one other vehicle to crash. One person was transported to a hospital.

Boisterous Cook Strait separates the two main islands of New Zealand and several large ferries provide cross Strait service. Last month, several ro-ro ferries made the news. Passengers on an unidentified Cook Strait ferry (probably either the *Aratere* or *Kaitai*) were distressed to watch a cow in a trailer parked on the top vehicle deck become distressed and then collapse and die. Another cow was later found dead in the same trailer. The stock company explained it had transported 20 loads a week for 50 weeks a year and had had no problems in the last three years.

While en route from Wellington, the Interisland Line's ferry, the *Monte Stello*, veered off course (possibly due to the helm being put the wrong way) and collided with what was initially reported to be an "object" just inside the Tory Channel. A company spokeswoman acknowledged that a brief grounding had taken place, the starboard propeller had been damaged and that the ferry had continued on to Picton on one engine. There were truck drivers onboard the ferry but no other passengers.

Finally, at Wellington, the Cook Strait ferry *Santa Regina* was pushed by strong winds onto a berthed fishing boat at Glasgow Wharf. The FV had been for sale for many months and any damage to it seemed of little concern to anyone but the ferry suffered a long dent and gash on its stern quarter and was taken out of service for repairs.

In the US, determining a safe passenger load for a ferry was legally based on an average body weight of 160lbs but a deadly accident or two demonstrated that humans now tend to weigh somewhat more so the US Coast Guard has raised the figure to 185lbs.

Legal Matters

The Chinese bulker *Shen Neng 1* ran aground on Australia's Great Barrier Reef about a year ago and an accident report stated that the principal reason for the grounding was that its new chief mate had had too little rest. He had wanted to make sure that the cargo of coal was loaded properly but loading took far longer than planned and he got only 2.5hrs of naps in the 38.5hrs preceding the moment when he made a navigational error that put the ship aground. The accident left a scar 3km long in the reef and it could take 20 years for nature to repair it.

Nature

Fire ants can assemble themselves into a waterproof raft that can float for months. Trapped air helps provide flotation and enables the bottom ants to breathe.

Imports

Since the outbreaks of unrest in North Africa, at least 25,000 Africans have used small boats to escape the troubles and get a better life (ie, a job) but many of these migrants died in their attempts. Typical was a very small and overcrowded boat carrying 300 African immigrants that sank in the Mediterranean Sea near Libya's coastline and broke into

pieces only an hour after sailing. Dead were at least 16 African asylum seekers.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Somalian piracy is getting nastier. Executions (including beheadings) and torture are now not uncommon (but such nasty deeds do tend to reduce the ransoms paid). In an example of spite, pirates held eight Indian seamen after their ship, the asphalt carrier *Asphalt Venture*, was freed after a \$3.6 million ransom was paid because the pirates were mad at the Indian Navy for capturing pirates and putting them on trial in India. A pirate spokesman explained the situation thusly, "India has not only declared war against us but also it has risked the lives of many hostages."

The Royal Navy has been teaching pirates it captures how to treat prisoners with dignity. It then usually releases these pirates as probably unprosecutable.

Metal-Bashing

Brazilian iron ore mining giant Vale SA took delivery of the world's biggest ore carrier, a 400,000-ton capacity vessel built in South Korea by Daewoo Shipbuilding & Marine Engineering Co. The new vessel, named *Vale Brasil*, is the first of seven ore carriers ordered by Vale from the South Korean shipyard.


Later this summer, Maersk should order another ten 18,000-teu container ships from a South Korean builder and competitors CMA CGM and Claus-Peter Offen are discussing with builders about enlarging five 12,800-teu ships on order to 16,000-teu but the #2 company, Mediterranean Shipping, is not considering enlargement of any boxship it has ordered.

Odd Bits

The main function of the replenishment ship *USNS Walter S. Diehl* (T-AO 193) is to refuel warships while they steam alongside and so its after structure bears two captions. They may bewilder foreign warships but the port-side caption reads FULL SERVICE while the matching caption to starboard reads SELF SERVICE.

Russia launched an urgent rescue mission after the nuclear powered icebreaker *Taimyr* developed a nuclear leak in the frozen Kara Sea about 2,000km east of Norway's border and was forced to abandon its mission. The seriousness of the event could be registered as a zero on the seven point International Nuclear and Radiological Event Scale, a level officially defined as "bearing no safety significance" but officials did look into the possibility of the situation becoming more serious. In any case, the incident was serious enough to force the mammoth vessel to abandon its mission and head back to the northwestern city of Murmansk using only its diesel engines. Another icebreaker was dispatched to help the vessel's journey back to port.





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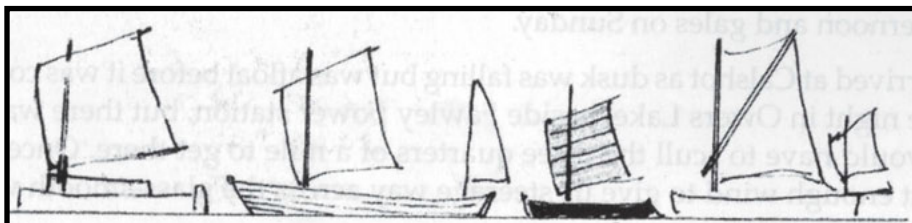
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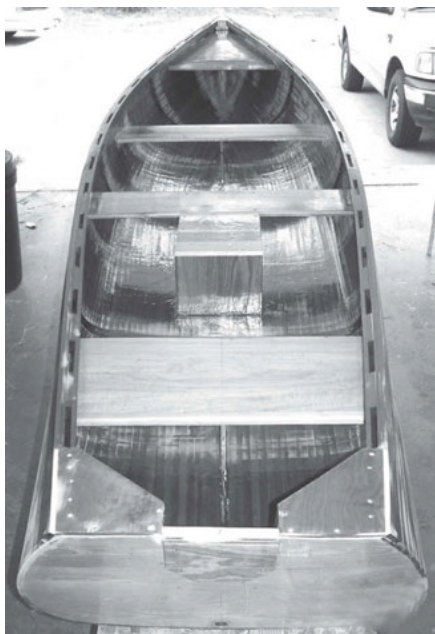
Jericho Bay Skiff

Here are some photos of the Jericho Bay Lobster Skiff that I am building from a yellow poplar (*Liriodendron tulipifera*) that I cut down in April of 2010. I cut the first 18' log into boards and let them dry on stickers for 11 months before I planed them and ran them into 1/2" bead and cove strips. Now my neighbor Gid explains to gawkers that I was not building this boat from scratch because "Dan didn't plant the tree."



Grandson's Robb White Sportboat

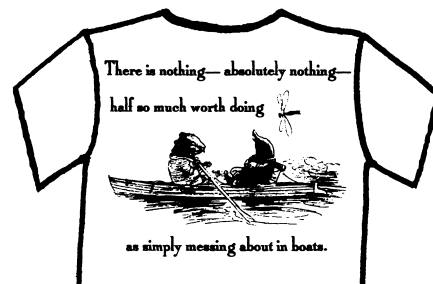
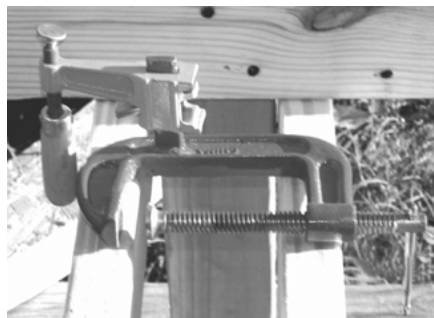
I completed the Rob White Sport boat last year for my grandson. One picture shows the new owner and part of his crew.



Planking Clamps

Here are photos of some planking clamps that I invented. They are made by welding short pieces of bar clamp bars to 4" C clamps. The little teat on the bottom of the bar has to be ground off to get the sliding part of the bar clamp off.

By clamping the C Clamp to a frame or to a mold the bar clamp can push stubborn planking into place. I think readers will get the idea.



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Here it is May already as I write this and I haven't written anything since March except for a lot of checks. I have been so busy building a boat that I forgot to write.

Since my last report I sanded the interior of the cockpit and began moving on to installing the deck sections. Before I could do this I had to frame around the cockpit. Jim Michalak wasn't very clear on this step so I invented my own procedure. I deviated some from Jim's plan already so why not again. I installed some 7" long blocks on the bulkheads fore and aft of the cockpit that were the same length as the deck support on the center frame, one end butted up against the inwale. This gave me something to attach the frame to that supported the inboard edge of the side decks.

Rather than trying to bend a stiff piece of pine into this curved surface I laminated two strips of plywood into the frame. The first simply got nailed in place and then the second got glued on to the first with epoxy. Lots of small clamps. When it was cured the clamps were removed and the rails got two coats of epoxy.

Another change that I made was in the deck panel layout. I used six panels. Two ahead of the cockpit, port and starboard halves and the same aft of the cockpit. The sides got fitted in last. Jim suggested in his book that an outwale should be installed to which the deck could be nailed. Not a bad way, I probably should have done it his way but I have to be different. I had already installed sections of the inwale epoxied to the side planks so my deck got bedded into thickened epoxy, then nailed to the inwale.

When the decks were on the boat it was stiff enough that I could lean in and work on the centerboard trunk and seats. Each seat was a piece of plywood just shy of 4' long and 1' wide. I glued and nailed these to lengths of 2"x2"s. I rounded up the corners and gave the bottom sides two coats of epoxy before epoxying them in place.

The trunk is a part that I was sweating but it went together very nicely. I cut the side panels and trimmed the curve in the bottom to match the inside of the hull. The forward end of the trunk was already installed, it was a 2"x2" nailed and epoxied to the after side of the forward bulkhead. I made a similar piece for the aft end of the trunk. I glassed the inner side of these trunk sides, then when they were cured I added a 2"x2" to the outer side of the top edge of each side panel. I then lined everything up good and epoxied and nailed the sides to the rear 2"x2".

When this was all cured it got a light sanding, then I buttered up the front 2"x2" with thickened epoxy and slipped the assembly over it and screwed it in place. A nice fillet and two layers of tape and the centerboard trunk was in.

Installing the inwales, again lots of clamps.



By Mississippi Bob

On to the spars, centerboard and rudder parts. The centerboard and rudder blade were both made out of two thicknesses of 1/2" plywood. I cut them to shape, then laid on a double layer of 6oz fiberglass to the inside of one half, leaving it quite wet, and then laid the other half on top and again used a lot of little clamps to squeeze them together. I used a few larger clamps to reach in toward the center of this project.

The centerboard and rudder got the same treatment. They were heavy, with this glass center and, also, I'm sure a lot stronger than just the plywood. I cut holes in the assembled foils for lead ballast and screwed a scrap of plywood to one side and fired up my camp stove. Outdoors I melted some lead and poured it into these holes for ballast. These foils are being glassed on the outside now and are really getting heavy. They should be plenty strong enough for a 12' boat.

The rudder head is made up of many layers of 1/4" birch plywood laminated together. The 1/4" cheeks seemed to be barely adequate so I glassed the outside to add strength. I am still working on these parts.

The mast I started way back in the cold weather. The plans called for a 2"x6" 14' long that is cut lengthwise on a slight diagonal. These parts get reversed before gluing them together. I went to the Big Box Store

Gluing up the mast, lots of clamps.



looking for a perfect plank among the SPF pile. I didn't find a 14' that I was satisfied with so I moved to the 16' stock and there was my mast just laying there waiting to go home with me. I gladly paid the \$.50 more for a 16'. It was a perfect board.

My shop was too full of boat so the mast had to be done elsewhere. Thank God for those warmer winter days when one can work outdoors. I snapped a chalk line down the diagonal where I had to cut and ripped it lengthwise with my Skil saw. I had a very nice 12' that I bought at the same time. It got ripped into 1 1/8" eighth strips on that same warm day. These pieces were for the boom and gaff. These parts for the spars had to find a warm place to get glued up so back into the house. The mast got glued up in my family room downstairs next to my shop. I use Titebond III for this job. I spread the Sunday paper on the floor and glued the parts together. Took all the clamps I had. The next day the shorter spars got the same treatment in the furnace room.

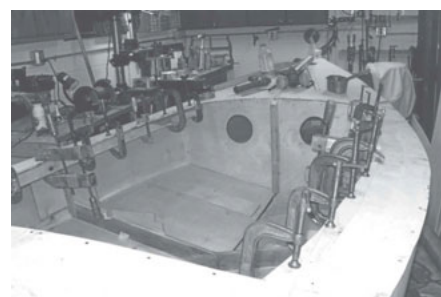
The mast blank went back outdoors to get shaped. I have a Workmate bench that was in the garage at the time so I set it up outside of the garage and lowered the tailgate on the Ranger. This made an acceptable work bench for starting the rounding. I cut the comers off with the Skil saw set at 45°. I then moved the jointer outdoors and started smoothing it up. My little 6" jointer was not really up to the job. I couldn't balance this timber on its little table but I had inherited a Bailey Jointer plane along with all my dad's tools that I had never used before. Wonderful tool, I never knew how good until I needed it.

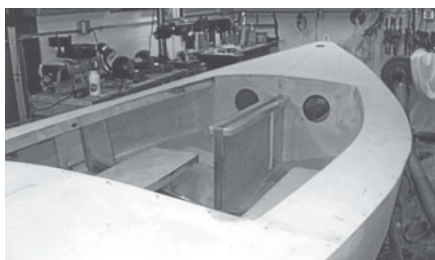
I held the spar with my Workmate and started working it to the desired shape. This job went well once I started using the right tool. A bit of sanding with the random orbital and it was ready to bring in for two coats of epoxy. The jointer did a very nice job on the smaller spars. I planed them to a 1 1/2" square nicely with the jointer. I rounded the corners with a block plane and then they also came in for epoxy. This got done in the furnace room.

Enough about the small stuff, time to get back to the hull. So far I had been working on it right side up since I had installed the bottom panels. Time to roll it over. The Skat is only 12' long but it is really the biggest boat that I have ever built. I can throw my canoes around pretty easily but not this catboat. My son helped me roll it once before but now I have added a lot of parts and it is a lot heavier. I cleaned the floor under the boat and invited a friend over to see the progress.

Bill Paxton, the leader of the Lake Pepin Messabout, lives close and he wanted to see the boat so I got him and my son here at the same time. Together we had little trouble turning it upside down. I trimmed the chines

The deck going on, still using clamps, how can one build a boat without them?





The centerboard trunk and seats are in.

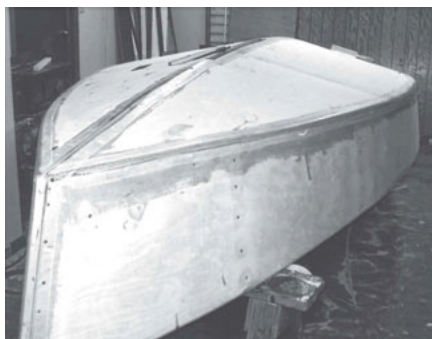
with my saber saw set at 45°, then with my belt sander I rounded up the chines. I used the plies to tell me where I had to remove more and to show me where I was. This worked very well and they rounded up very nicely. The joints got taped and the boat got a good sanding and the bottom was ready for glass, a layer of 6oz cloth. The fabric is 60" wide so I got a real wide overlap in the keel area and a double covering near the bow.

After another good sanding and a second coat of epoxy and it was nearly ready for paint. I washed the hull with soapy water and rinsed it off then gave it another sanding. I wanted to remove any possible blush that can screw up a paint job.

My Big Box Store carries a marine grade Rustoleum paint. The primer can said "not for use below the water line." But this is a trailer sailer so I am convinced it will be just fine. The primer is rather thicker than I expected. I let it dry then gave the bottom and sides a fairly good sanding before applying two finished coats. Once it is on the trailer I would like to consider the bottom finished.

I bought a Harbor Freight trailer and set it up so it should fit the bottom shape.

On the trailer and looking good.



Taping all the seams getting ready to glass the bottom.

This was only guesswork because the boat was still upside down and backwards in my shop. I had my son and grandson over at the same time and together we lifted the stem of the boat and slid the trailer under it. It went outside with little fuss onto the front lawn. We slid it off onto the lawn and rolled it right side up and back onto the trailer bow first. This was a really big step as now I can move it about by myself. I can also fit the mast and begin working on the rigging.

I still have to build the trim around the cockpit, fit the rudder, install the centerboard and a dozen other small jobs including painting all of the topsides and cockpit. The boat is now in the garage where my Ranger usually sits. The weather is slowly getting better so I can do a lot of the work outdoors. My shop now has space to finish the smaller parts indoors. Launch day is only about two weeks off so I'd best get back to working on the boat.



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She Floats

By Dan Rogers

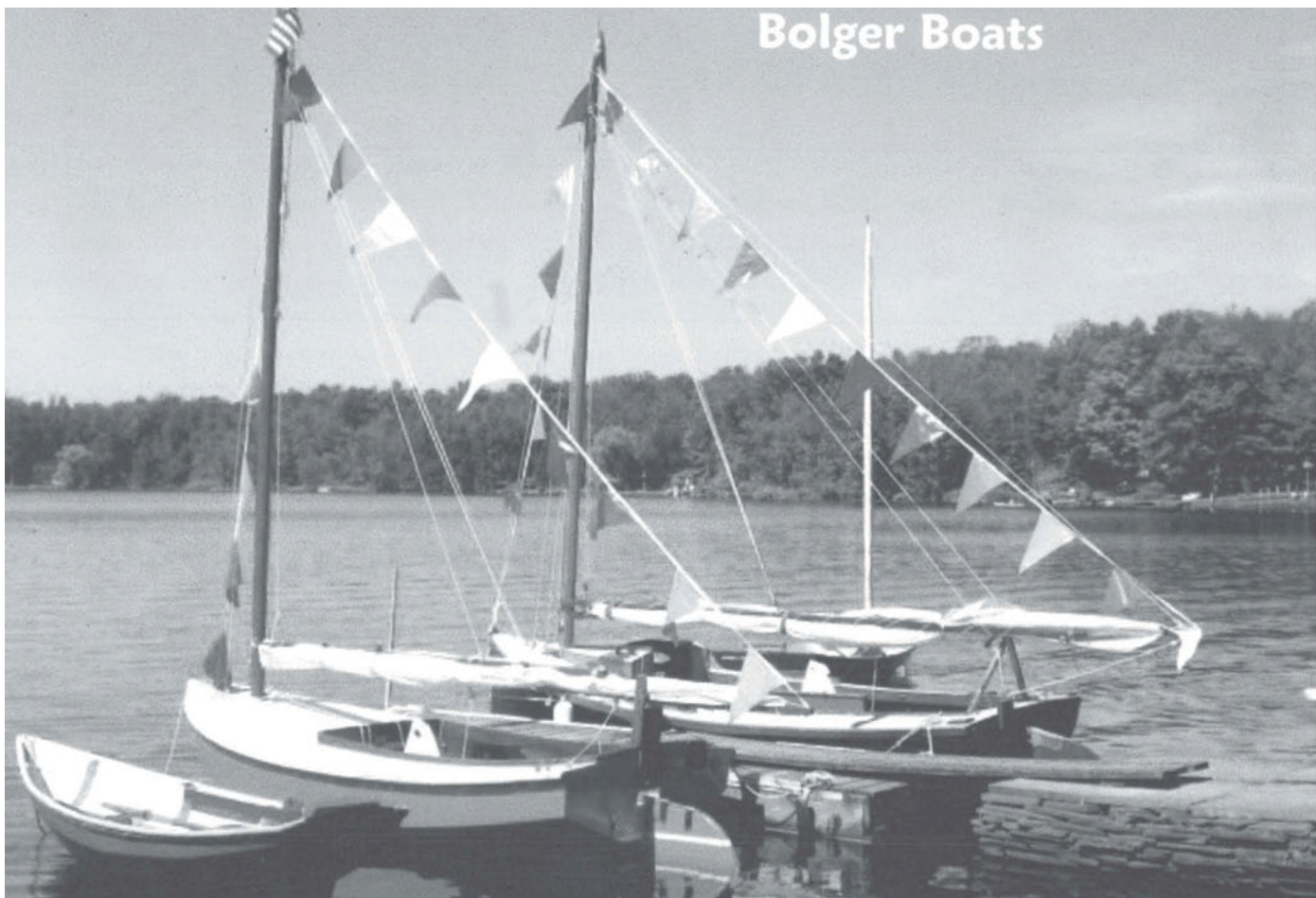
Some things are bigger than maybe they oughta be. Brochure pictures of the 1959 Glaspar Seafair sedan cruiser were pinned up on my wall back in junior high school as THE BOAT. At face value, it's pretty strange that now in the spring of 2011 was the absolute first time I have ever actually been aboard one while actually floating. I don't think I had ever even touched one until I hauled this one home with the flowers still growing out of the hatch, and 20 seasons of wasp nests clinging to every possible crevice and deck underside last fall. So it's a pretty big day for me. And, admittedly, I rarely do things on the spur of the moment because that simply takes much too long. Soooooooo, waiting 50-odd years for something is quite unusual. For me, anyway.

After a three-month spurt of adrenaline, I have a more or less restored and completely modified little stinkpot back in the water. I doubt if she's been wet from anything but rain and snow in a generation. You perhaps know the drill. I was just going to test the trailer adjustments, to see how things look on the ramp with perhaps the bottom touching the water. Well, that went pretty good. So, then I was only going to start up the motor and see how the throttle linkage and steering and fueling lines and electrical lines and all that motor-boat stuff was going to work out. But, when I looked down at the lower unit to see if the tilt/trim had functioned properly, SHE WAS ALREADY FLOATING! We were simply captured by the guides that I had placed on the new trailer more or less by eyeball.

Only a landlubber with absolutely no soul would have called the experiment quits at that point. Soooooooo, it was then a simple matter to cast off the winch strap and stuff the control lever into reverse. And there we were. Actually afloat and not leaking and not tipping over and not even listing markedly. The nautical equivalent of Nelson Mandella finally walking out into the sunlight. Or pick your own Butterflies are Free analogy. Such an emotional stewpot of legitimate concern, discovery, pride of accomplishment, relief and petty annoyance. Only a boat builder or a new father can truly relate.



Bolger Boats



Last 4th of July provided the opportunity to float all four of our Bolger Boats around the same dock. Present were, in order of construction:

Design name: Mippet, boat name *Teal*, dark blue 9'6" Amesbury skiff, just right for one adult sitting cross legged rowing 6' oars or a youngster just learning to row down to the dam and back. It floats two adults in a pinch when all the other boats are gone and my wife and I want a quiet row around the lake to watch the sunset or the moon rise. Also good for solitary fishing expeditions just after sunrise before the sun touches the water along the shore where the big bass lurk.

Design name: Harbinger, boat name *Cactus Wren*, natural darkened cedar 15' New York (more rounded bottom than a Cape type) catboat. This big, beamy (7'6") boat drives like a semi but holds a crowd of

Four Bolger Boats

Regards, Padeye

Reprinted from *The Main Sheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

kids, adults and tows toy boats. It has traveled from its birthplace in Arizona to launch in California, sailed the west coast of Florida to this small lake with only short sojourns to St Michael's.

Design name: Gypsy, boat name *Raymond Thompson*, green on the outside, buff on the inside, sometime sailed but usually rowed. At 15', great for fishing with small kids, rolling water over the gunnel sailing with adult kids or a slow drift across the lake on a sunny day jigging for yellow perch. Our favorite boat, it sets up in moments, fits easily

on a dolly to and from the boathouse and is a joy to row. Garage built to workboat standards she is going strong 25 years later.

Design name: Bobcat, boat name *Star-lite*, bright blue topsides with buff deck, 12'6" plywood takeoff of a Beetle cat. An excellent sailor with only a long handled paddle for emergency landings at neighbor's docks. This boat taught two daughters to sail plus their boyfriends, now new husbands. This boat handles like a sports car, spinning on a dime, coasting in to neighbor's docks to chat or just ghost along on a zephyr on a moonlit night. Also garage built, but tricked out with a white boot top stripe she is still busy teaching the next generation to sail. Come visit them all sometime or bring your own to Plymouth Reservoir, Plymouth, New York, high atop a hill in Central New York. Plenty of campsites available.

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Musings About Messing About in (Shanty) Boats

By Dave Zeiger
www.TriloBoats.com

shanty: n. (plural shanties). A small, crudely built shack.

shanti: n. Peace. Origin from Sanskrit shanti, peace, tranquility.

Small is beautiful, but crude? Let's say, rather, a small, thriftily built shack. Flavor with scandal (shack up with someone you love). Layer onto a thriftily built hull. Spread shanti evenly over all. Simmer well, but not too long. And voila! A shantyboat... and it's at least half-baked!

We live in crazy days. The post war promise of prosperity for all, of labor saving technologies that would free us for the leisure to enjoy life to its fullest, of material wealth and fabulous entertainments... well, somewhere along the line, that promise faltered. Failed to deliver.

Instead, despite the insane hours we work, we're deep in growing debt. We numb our exhausted minds with drivels. Feed our bloating bodies with junk. Breath the miasma of progress into our tarnished lungs. The rat-race has never been more of a race nor we more like rats enslaved by science gone mad. Yet, somewhere in the backwaters of our minds we dream of something better.

How about a shantyboat? A shanti boat? Tucked away in a slough or quiet turn of one of our Great Rivers. Lost in their deltas. Bayou country. Land of a Thousand Lakes. Willapaw Bay, Puget Sound, San Juans, the Keys, Downeast Maine. Cruising the archipelagoes of SE Alaska or Prince William Sound.

What would happen if we let go? If we let go all those things that weigh us down; leaf blowers, microwave ovens, matched furniture sets, the TV, the mortgage, the cars, that exercise thingamabob, our high school awards and clippings, Great Grandma's fancy china? The list, as you know, goes on and on. Do we want or need all of this?

What do we need? I propose shelter, clothing and food:

Shelter: A bed to lie down in (or sit on) and a place to cook. A little storage for food, clothing, a few personal items and necessary tools. A box will do for carpentry and the like. A handful of kitchen utensils and a pot and pan or two. Needle, thread and scissors. Fishing gear. A roof and walls to keep the weather out. A little biomass stove to keep us warm (wood, for example).

Clothing: Secondhand clothing is cheap and plentiful. It's practical and, with but a dash of flair, fashionable. Clothes are also amazingly easy and fun to make. That goes for shoes, too.

Food: Food is all around us, in this bountiful land. Fish and forage. Maybe do a little gardening and hunting. Gleaning (harvesting abandoned or leftover field goods, with permission) is possible in most areas. Direct negotiation with farmers, cutting out the middlemen, cuts costs. And the dumpster diving in our throwaway society is excellent!

A shantyboat meets all the criteria of shelter. A modestly sized boat will house even a large family (may have to send the kids to play out-of-doors, for sanity's sake). Clothes are a dime a dozen. Where you cruise it will influence the grocery bill.

OK. I can hear the clamor for two items, income and insurance.

I'll start with insurance, and the observation that we insure our money rather than our health. When health fails, even advanced modern medicine seldom restores it. Rather, its interventions allow us linger with various degrees of disability. The purpose of so-called health insurance is to keep us from going broke as we struggle to live with disease.

Heart disease, cancer and cars are the number one, two and three killers, respectively, in the US. Chronic stress, overweight, lack of exercise and poor diet are contributing factors, as are the commute, the errands, the vacation. Sound familiar? Dropping out of the rat race won't eliminate risk, but it will reduce it. Not just financially, but our primary exposure as well.

Free range, we humans tend to live to a reasonable age. Being mortal, death will eventually come along and carry us off. But, on the whole, it takes its time. Normal wear-and-tear, minor infections and accidents are all manageable, out of pocket.

Changing your life for the better is good insurance. Learning prevention, first aid and basic medical skills is good insurance. Slaving your one precious life away to meet obese premiums and other monetary obligations of the rat-race is bad insurance.

Give it some thought!

Personal testimony: After a late start, I've lived on the water for 20+ great years and I'm now 50+. If I had waited until after a minimal career of the same duration, I would just be starting out, now, at the bottom of the learning curve and looking uphill at 70+. The gamble on quality over quantity has already paid off. I win! From here on out it's gravy! And to tell you the truth, there wasn't a time on the water that I would have felt cheated if that was all there was.

Income has to cover overhead (expenses), or we sink into debt. After job and property related expenses, what's left? A handful of maintenance costs; paint, glue, twine, umm... dang little. A handful of groceries; olives, oils, coffee, cheese, chocolate, honey, sprout mix, rice and lentils and wheat, umm... exotic spices? These take a mere pittance, easily covered by the occasional odd job.



Phil Bolger's Scow Schooner... Add a cabin fwd and move aboard!

What about taxes? Nothing is certain but! Well, except that a couple earning less than US\$18,700 (2010) doesn't even have to file a tax return. Lemme tell you. We live quite well on an average less than a third of that! We pay our assessed income taxes. Zero. Ditto for property tax. That leaves paltry sales taxes, which generally cover many of the services we use locally.

Rent? We occasionally spend time in public harbors, which charge reasonable rates. Most of the time, though, shantyboats are anchored out at zero cost. The whole point is to get away from the hustle and bustle... spend as little time as possible paying for it!

On a shantyboat, we own no land (no mortgage, no taxes). We're mobile (not working out here? Move along). We live at our own pace, think deep thoughts, sleep in. There's plenty of exercise and fresh air. Make our own music. Get to know our partner and kids. Peace. Tranquility.

But, if everybody did it, where would we be then? ***SNORT!*** Fat chance. Question is, do you want to do it? And if so, whuddaya waitin' for?

Personal testimony: My partner and I live in Alaska where costs run to 25% higher than "south." We make a pilgrimage to Europe every four years to visit family (almost doubles our cash requirements). We've bought one and built three of four liveaboards. Still, our average income over two decades has been a smidge over \$5K per year, yet we have zero debt and modest savings.

While forage is good in Alaska, glean-ing is only sporadic, and we can't often buy direct from farmers (can't economically make our own cheese, for example). Point is, most of you will choose less expensive places to live and have relatives closer to hand. Your needs will be even lower than ours!

Sometimes free ain't cheap enough. But it's your call!



OK. So we're toying with the idea... To build or to buy?

Close your eyes, for a moment and visualize the perfect shantyboat. Got it? And HEY... The Tub Trader has one listed, turn-key. O JOY! It's an (admittedly) cute little gingerbread getaway... owners liquefying their asset in the wake of some bubble burst or another. But it still costs as much as 3Bed-2Baths ashore. O'Gloom. In our price range, shantyboats tend to appear in soggy corners and impound lots, garnished with illegible FOR SALE signs. Hulls hogged and riddled; dry-rotted and wet. FIXER-UPPER... now we're talkin'!

But there's an ominous saying, running around the boatyards of the world, "Sometimes free ain't cheap enough!" Say we find a rundown fixer upper of sufficient romance, at a price we can afford. We buy it. We tear into it. Known problems, once excavated, reveal deeper problems. Perfectly sound stuff has to come out to give access to deeper structures. We finally hit bottom and reverse course; replacing, repairing, rebuilding. But all out of order. Contorted into the deep end of cabinetry, squeezing through companionways, cursing every bit of original structure left intact.

Years later, if we haven't sold or burned it in disgust, we find that we've spent a heap of time AND cash money in its restoration. What someone had built quickly and on-the-cheap has, in our hands, become an expensive, time consuming home. It's still romantic, maybe, but even brought back to its former glory, it's still just a shantyboat. But now it's an expensive shantyboat!

Somewhere, we lost sight of the goal.

But somebody built that boat, custom fit to their life and means... why can't we? That somebody was likely no master craftsman. He didn't use the best materials. Evolution often trumped intelligent design. We can do better! It requires far less skill to build new than to repair. In new construction, everything goes together in a logical sequence, no time wasted ripping out the bad stuff, no advanced skills required to squeeze the fix into place.

OK, then... what to build? Let's start with a box, a slab... nothing more sophisticated than a planter box with a lid. They're well within the means of the most novice among us. And many a fine shanty has been built atop them. Such a box displaces the maximum on a given length, beam and draft (excluding keels). That means that it carries the most weight and provides the most elbow room. As a bonus, its form stability (as opposed to that provided by ballast) is the highest possible.

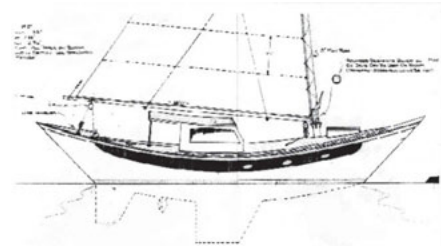
But operating a slab is expensive if you want to move at all. Its ends plow water,

sucking up expensive (or at least valuable) energy. So we carve away some of the slab, a curved slice off the bottom, at the bow and stern, to make it more slippery. Shazam! A BOX BARGE, or box scow if you prefer.

I would argue that this shape, perfected before the dawn of written history, best satisfies our principle of Thrift. Every additional curve adds cost in time and/or money. Curves may add speed, improve motion, reduce the turning radius and look sweet 'n' sexy, but they'll cost us. They require more skill, increase building time and material waste, decrease displacement, form stability and interior space. There's a reason shantyboats are typically boxy; right angles are cheap, curves are costly.

I'll go a few steps further to recommend flush sides (no side decks). Decks flush and flat (sloped to drain) or section of cylinder. These extend the near a box as possible arguments to the topsides. Shantyboaters, the box barge was made for you and me!

Of course, having said all this, there are many other fine, relatively easy to build platforms for shantyboat living, designers of which I've listed at the end of the article. In general, curves buy speed and increased comfort in wild waters. Apply your own cost/benefit analysis to see what works for you.



McNaughton Group's Silver Gull... easy-ish to build, and capable double ender.

What do we build it with? Cheap stuff, of course! It's a shantyboat, after all, though we'll try to avoid "crudely built." I won't go into mind numbing detail here... just a quick fly by. What's changed in a generation is that good quality timber is scarce and expensive, high quality plywood, adhesives and coatings are common and cheap.

Plywood is a hands down winner for economy of time and money. It's great stuff... cheap, strong and stable. Its dimensions yield all sorts of ergonomic numbers. Ignore advice to shell out for marine ply... quality AC performs nearly as well at a fraction the price.

Roofing materials: whether asphalt based or newer elastomeric products, present a suite of very inexpensive goops and glops. With galvanized fasteners, they provide an economic baseline.

A T32x12... It just isn't that hard to build a box!



Construction adhesives: (e.g., polyurethanes, pre-catalyzed plastic resins, latexes) are a step up and range in expense. They're stronger than fasteners and waterproof. I like elastic PUs from caulk tubes for perimeter bonds. I prefer to use epoxy or polyester resins, if at all, as sealers rather than as glue per se.

Latex paints are cheap and durable. Flat outside won't build up and need periodic stripping, gloss inside is easy to clean.

Insulation is improving all the time, so see what's available, state of the art. My advice is, if you can't exclude (moisture laden) air, make the insulation removable for inspection and periodic cleaning.

Scavenging these recent materials is possible, but seldom practical. Still, it has a role. Keep your eyes peeled, especially for lumber scores. Recycled wood from buildings, bookshelves, pallets and crates, etc, is an improvement on what's affordable these days, and makes great framing stock. Window glass is widely available, as is much of the hardware. Furniture and cabinetry can be surgically implanted.

If you build on the cheap, your shantyboat will end up costing in the range of a decent used car. Even if you go top of the line, it shouldn't exceed a decent new car. But it will be a lot more fun to live in!

Keeping off the Radar: There's a dark side to shantyboat living. It isn't popular with The MAN, nor with a certain type of Squeaky Wheel. The MAN doesn't like you because you don't fit into his pigeon holes. You don't have a street address, pay taxes, hook up to the grid. You likely care about paradise and oppose paving it. You're rumored to have skinny dipped!

The Squeaky Wheel doesn't like you because... well... I don't know why. You don't pull your weight? Never mind that you're not on the dole but are a volunteer fireman, Big Brother or Sister and pull tourists out of the river every year! You impact the river less than his dock or the runoff from his acre of pestacized, fertilized lawn. Jealousy?

Together they're a drag on an otherwise bucolic lifestyle.

First and foremost, look for the out of the way spot. You don't want to be in the viewshed of establishment types any more than you want them in yours. Rural areas have lost population to the cities in past decades... there's a lot of room out there. Keep your head low and nose clean. Stay respectful of persons and the environment. Build a shipshape shantyboat and keep it presentable. Fulfill or exceed the regulations, it's dotted and t's crossed. If you access private land, ask permission.

And remember, we're off the map. Approach new folks with friendly caution. We're not all of us gentle spirits. Listen to your feelings and extend the benefit of the doubt with caution. Consider in advance how to establish and maintain firm boundaries, where necessary. Relax and enjoy, where not.

Sugar 'n' Spice... Mobility is a good thing. Even if you like your little corner, there may come a time that you want to pick up and boogie. Bad neighbors, a new regulation, the river shifts. It happens.

We added curves to make our box easy to move... let's put up a sail! Why the heck not? Sails are pretty, eco friendly, can catch rainwater as well as wind, and may help our shantyboat evade some laws written by Concerned Citizens outlawing or constraining less nimble vessels.

Wind is free and harnessing it is cheap. A simple rig costs less than a small outboard, which demands fuel, parts and plenty of exasperated time. Add good anchor gear, a sculling oar and a pole and we're always good to go, never stuck in harbor with a blown engine.



Philip Thiel's Escargot... Find out about rentals at www.gruene-flotte.de.

Asian sailing shantyboats are alive and well. They've fallen out of fashion in the prosperous West, but even here, time was, sail moved box barges up or down our rivers and along our coastlines. Most were nothing fancy, mere sheets to the wind. Others flew trim rigs and braved wider, wilder waters.

What shantyboaters have in abundance is time. We don't have to get anywhere fast. We can wait for wind and tide; the fair slant. We enjoy the quiet and the sweet smell of our environs. Sails and shanties are made for each other.



T24x8 with sample cat-yawl rig.

...and everything nice: On a rainy day, the smell of good cookin' fills the shanty. A deck of cards, a musical instrument or a book might pass the time. Whittlin'? Try your hand at poetry? Learn some sleight of hand? Plan out the smoker? Or take the dinghy out for a row or sail, poking into the nooks and crannies of your watery neigh-

borhood. See who's t'home... ducks, muskrats, beavers, frogs? Check to see how the berries on that north bank are coming along. Harvest a bucket of wild greens for dinner. Or tend your guerrilla garden.

If it's chore time, saw up some wood with the sweet smell of it in your nose. Top off the water tank. Drop a line. Set a snare. Gather duff for the humanure bucket or empty that to compost. Whistle while you work with pity in your heart for the poor souls entombed in their cubicles. The poor souls we all once were!



Jim Michalak's Shanteuse adapted for sail.

Selected Resources

Shantyboat: A River Way of Life, by Harlan Hubbard. All roads lead to Harlan.

Sailing the Farm, by Ken Neumeyer. A little crazy, perhaps, but I like him!

Possum Living, by Dolly Freed. Written by a 15-year-old out walking the walk.

The New Age of Sail, by Dmitri Orlov. Is it me or is the sky falling?

www.ShantyboatLiving.com, fun place on the net to start your quest.

www.DuckworksMagazine.com, a wealth of innovation and information.

www.Boat-Links.com, aka the Mother of all Maritime Links.

Designers

Myself (TriloBoats).

Phil Bolger Sharpies and Advanced Sharpies, SuperBrick, Scow Schooners and others.

Philip Thiel: (Escargot and Jolie).

Jim Michalak: Shanteuse, NanoShanty and others.

George Beuhler: Rufus and others.

Bill and John Atkins (many options).

Jay Benford: Benford Dorries and others.

McNaughton Group: (Silver Gulls and others).

Reuel Parker: Egret and others.

Pete Culler: Scow Schooners and others.

Cap'n William H. Short: Great and Yangtze Pelicans.

Sam Devlin: (many options).

And OTHERS!

(Dave Zeiger and Anke Wagner have been living aboard a series of increasingly square boats for 20+ years. Though disguised as sailing vessels, they have all been shantyboats at heart. Since 1995, they've built their own and been living among the islands of SE Alaska. Dave designs a series of box-barges with plans available at www.TriloBoats.com.)

Enjoying Our *Luna*

Summer 2002 in Alaskan Waters

Dave & Anke's Boats - The Zeiger Family Boat Building Page
Triloboats Website



Cruising Echo Cove, Berners Bay, two panels down on the foresail.



Luna comfortably dry in Echo Cove. The dinghies are a Gloucester Gull and a Nymph, both Bolger designs.



Labor Day morning, Auke Nu.

4:30am in Echo Cove.



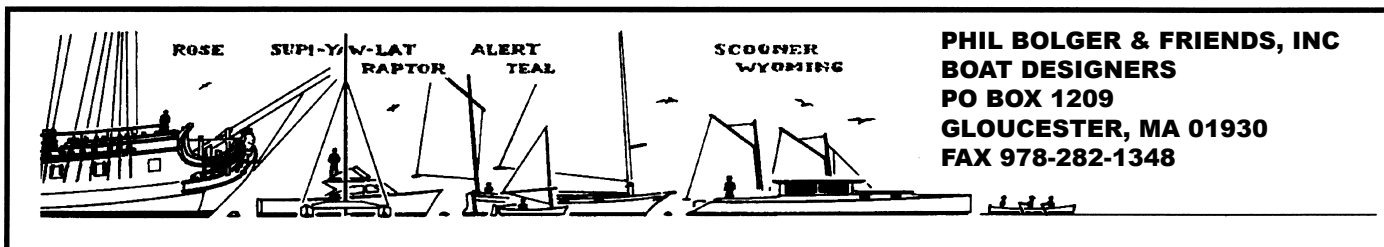
Luna's interior, starboard side. Stowage in settee seat and backrest.



Port side of galley looking aft.

The bunk from the salon.





Dynamite and Phil shared an interest in the economical use of materials and time. Plywood is one way to get a lot of hull surface in one piece, be it for a bottom or sides. But since plywood typically only comes in 8'x4' dimensions, what do we do to join two or more pieces to produce a longer or much longer hull panel? First we'd cut out the two or more pieces to the shape laid out in the plans. Then several options are at hand:

Option 1: An old familiar method is a butt block, essentially a doubler piece of the same plywood nailed/screwed/glued across two aligned hull panel pieces. This works fine until we want to give the completed panel a fair amount of curvature. Then the sudden doubling in material thickness will make that section of the panel bend less, thus producing a hard spot, an undesirable flattening of that curve.

Option 2: To produce a fair sweep of the material much has been written about scarfing two adjoining panels. That process requires a great deal of practice and care to machine what is typically suggested to be an 8-12:1 slope bevel in the material, producing a feather edge on the edge of each piece along with that bevel rising to full panel thickness. Assuming we machined the bevels to match each other to become the longer panel, then gluing is initiated with likely a set of clamps to keep the alignment during the curing of the adhesive. Whatever bevel may be our ambition, this is not easy, fast work unless we've done a lot of them before and have produced jigs and other gadgets to help out in that process.

A mismatching set of bevels will mean time in the shop's "Moaning Chair." And with 20' hull panels to do as single long pieces we are looking at two joints with four slopes to be done right. On a simple sharpie/flat bottom hull that will mean at least six joints and thus 12 bevels. Some folks seem good at this. Others will burn serious hours at getting good at this only to find that this particular skill set will not be necessary for much of the rest of the project.

And then there is the issue of losing available plywood length to the panel joint overlap. A 1/2" panel will need a 12"x1/2" slope or 6" overlap. Across two joints we've given up 12" of available panel length. This may well be acceptable in certain applications. But in the Bolger design universe many simple hulls measure their length based on multiple 8' lengths of plywood. Any proposal to do scarfing to do these hull panels will throw off their layout, likely throwing off the economics as well by adding to the required number of joints and ply sheets.

Then there is Option 3 (Illustrations 1 and 2): The "Payson Joint" is well illustrated in these two handouts, one by Dynamite and the other by Phil. Payson's "Glass Butt Joint for Plywood" describes and illustrates the joining of two ply pieces without losing any length. Phil's addition shows the principle elaborated to greater depth for thicker plywood pieces. Both proposed to use a sander to machine a valley across two adjoining ply

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

The "Payson Joint" One Significant Legacy of Dynamite Payson's Life

pieces to then be filled with resin and glass strips. The result was stress tested by Payson and found to fail in the wood, not the joint.

Option 4 (photo sequence): In a development of what we certainly came to routinely refer to as the "Payson Joint" we begrudged the time and necessary care required to produce a symmetrical valley, along with the effort of producing a predictably flush cured top. Instead we use a power planer, typically around 3" in cutting width, to cut the valley in one or two passes with the blades set to the desired depth. The depth of the valley is a function of the glass thickness and the depth of resin we prefer. We'd like it just barely above the thickness of the tape to allow good resin coverage and soaking of the tape to slightly above surrounding plywood height to then allow a few passes of preferably a belt sander to smooth the resulting joint without cutting into the glass itself.

Machining across the grain deserves a few practice runs on pieces of scrap. But once we've aligned the two pieces via screws over a wooden workbench or better on the floor over a piece of scrap ply, using the power planer becomes a fairly predictable and very fast way to cut those valleys. Common hardware store polyethylene 6mil plastic sheathing must be used to keep the epoxy from gluing this curing joint to its supports below and to keep the resin from running out of the joint on each end; any crude blocking solution will do as long as it curls up the plastic to become a wall that retains the resin before it stops running.



The first two photos show the results of novices putting together one of our "Teal" Designs (#310). They used a single layer of 6" tape on each side. Their test piece broke in the wood, not the joint!

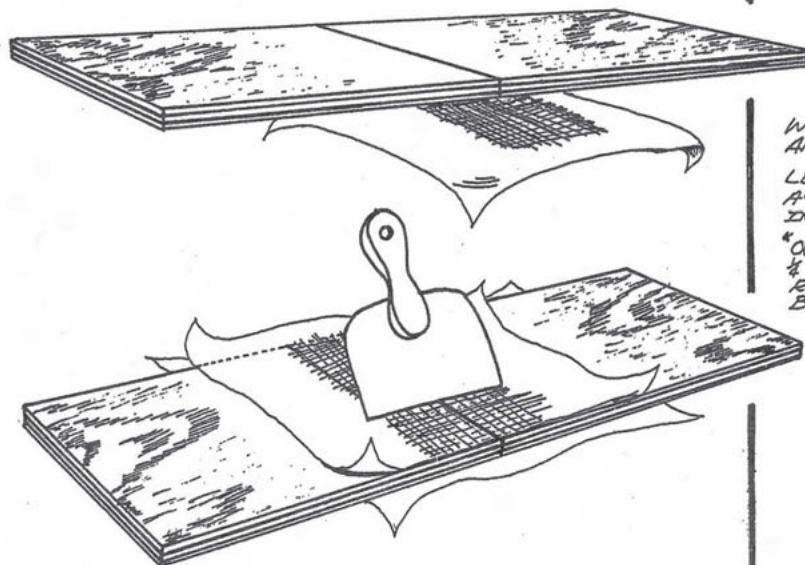
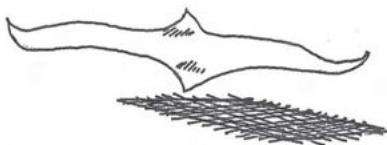


The second series shows: (1) machining the valley for a long panel of 3/8" ply. Two side by side power planer passes match one 6" tape layer with a third centered 3" pass for a second 3" tape set deeper. This will result in two layers of glass per side. Across four joints this proved sufficient to keep together a nearly 38' long panel when lifted on two points.



On its backside we assembled this sandwich (2) of a screwed on plywood backer with poly sheathing and masking tape to keep the epoxy from joining the backing piece to the joint.

GLASS BUTT JOINT *for* PLYWOOD



TRY TEST JOINT BEFORE
PUTTING IN BOAT!

① LAY WAX PAPER ON SMOOTH SURFACE,
MASONITE, CARDBOARD ETC.

② CUT OUT TWO PIECES OF 3" OR 4" TAPE TO SPAN JOINT. LAY PIECE OF TAPE ON WAXED PAPER AND SATURATE WITH RESIN... AND ABOUT 2" BEYOND.

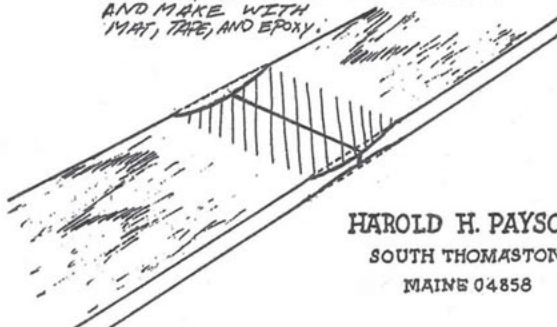
③ RESIN THE PLYWOOD... FLIP IT OVER ONTO THE TAPE USING AMPLE RESIN COVER WITH WAXED PAPER AND DRAW A PUTTY KNIFE OR STRAIGHT EDGE ACROSS JOINT.

WAXED PAPER FEATHERS OUT THE JOINT AND LEAVES IT SMOOTH... NO SANDING.

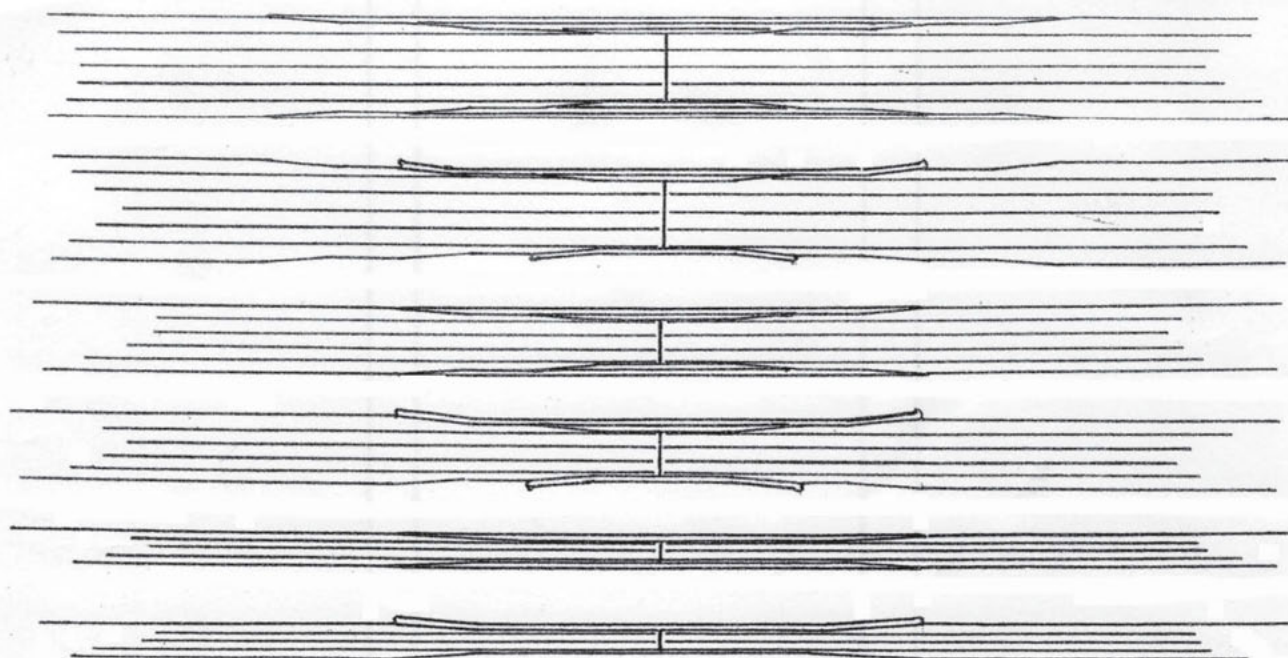
LET JOINT CURE FOR A FEW HOURS ACCORDING TO TEMPERATURE, AND PUT IN BOAT.

*"OVER THE KNEE" TEST JOINT MADE WITH 1/2" PLYWOOD, 3" TAPE AND POLYESTER RESIN PROVED AMPLE STRONG... WOOD BROKE LEAVING JOINT INTACT.

*IF STRONGER JOINT IS WANTED, HOLLOW ENDS OF PLYWOOD ACROSS SLIGHTLY WITH DISC SANDER AND MAKE WITH MAT, TAPE, AND EPOXY.



HAROLD H. PAYSON
SOUTH THOMASTON
MAINE 04858



TYPICAL PAYSON JOINTS

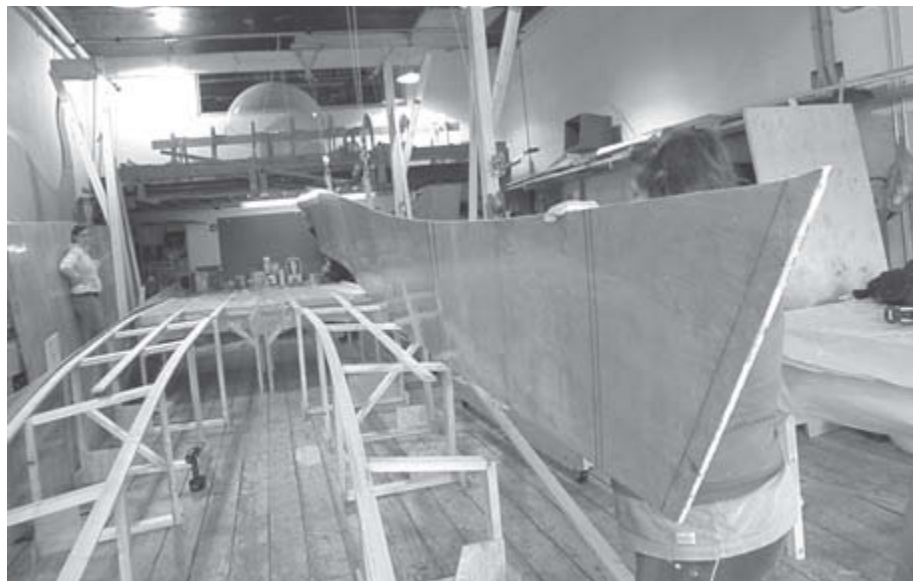
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(3) shows the resulting joint.



(4) illustrates the careful(!) use of the quite "hungry" 4" belt sander to take off any excess epoxy.



(5) features the full-length panel hanging off two gantries, quite flexible, but no signs or noises of structural distress.

There will be more on the project during which these photos were taken. We will see one spectacular demonstration of the virtues of the "Payson Joint" in a critical application. Without the "Payson Joint" this project would have taken longer, and in that example might have been near impossible... Another proof of the dramatic simplification of joining two ply sheets edge to edge in reasonably fast order, and simple to do right by using the "Payson Joint."

I want to use MDO for gussets and bulkheads in my new 30' boat that I am planning. The incentive is the cost, \$43 for a 1/2" sheet instead of \$135 for marine ply! I have read differing accounts of problems in gluing this material, as it has a layer of resin paper on both sides which makes it great for painting but not so great for gluing. Some people recommend sanding off the paper layer, some say not to bother!

So I conducted an experiment using my two favorites glues, Weldwood (DAP Inc) and Epoxy 5340 (Eager Plastics Inc). I experimented

Gluing MDO

By Malcolm Fifer

with light pressure and with very high pressure using both glues for a total of four tests.

Photos #1 & #2 show the Weldwood, which has broken through the middle of the paper coating leaving half the paper on one and half on the other. Although many hard strikes with a 4lb hammer were required to

break the joint, it can only be reckoned as strong as the paper with no discernible difference between light and heavy pressure.

Photo #3 shows the epoxy with high pressure and is a success with 50% of the break occurring through the paper but 50% with the wood torn away.

Photo #4 shows the epoxy with light pressure and this is a total success with all the break occurring in the wood. The ideal result for any glue joint, the joint is stronger than the wood!

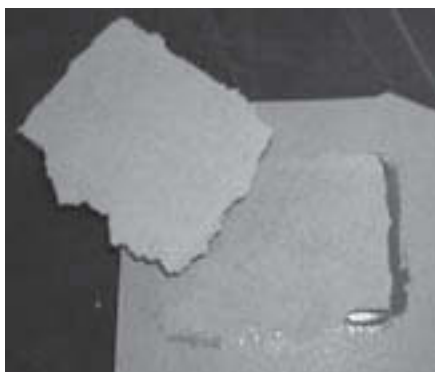


Photo #1

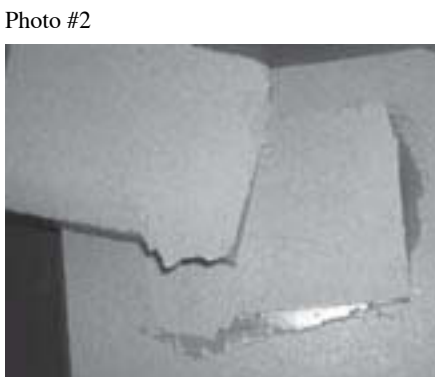
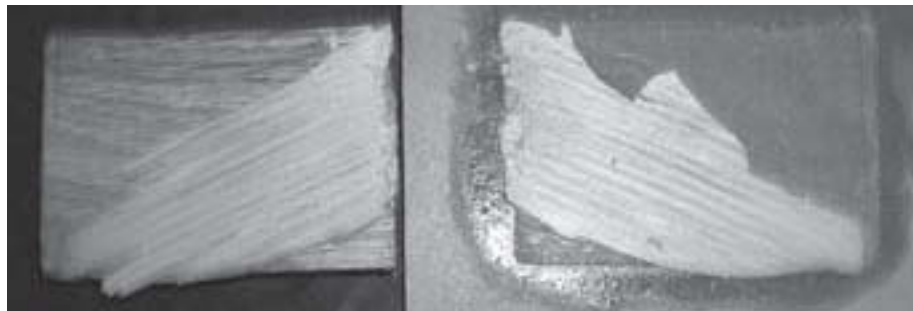
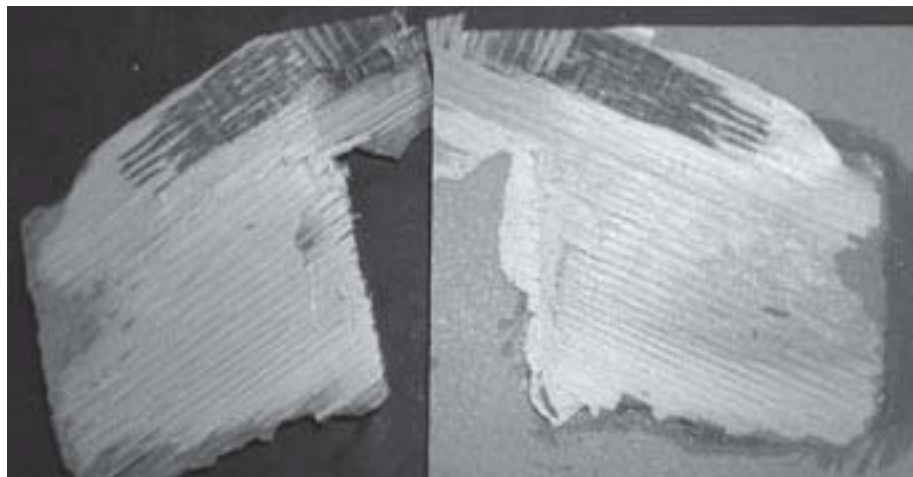


Photo #2



Photos #3 and #4



Pedal-Sanpram

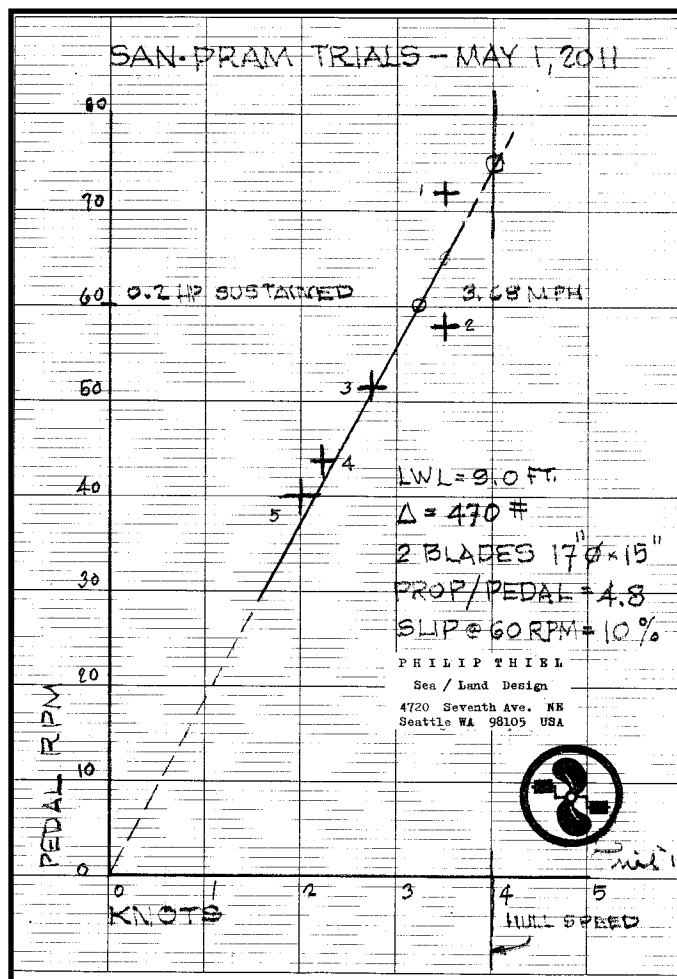
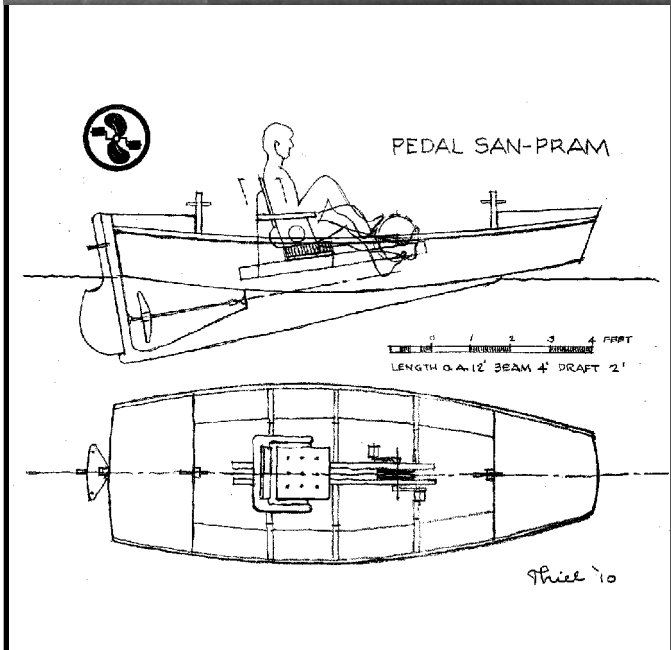
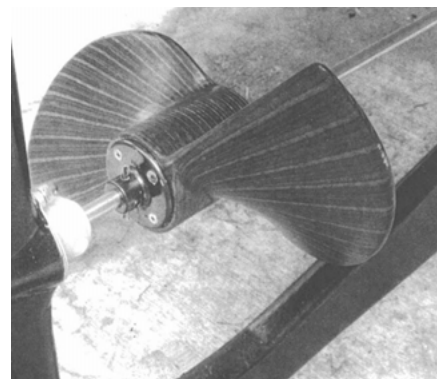
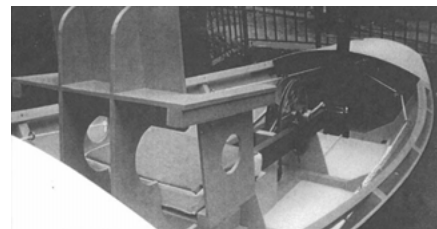
A Do-it-Yourself Boat
for the Flaneur-Afloat

By Philip Thiel

The Pedal-Sanpram is intended as a way for advanced amateur boat builders to get afloat by means of their own hands, using mostly local materials, in a small, stable, single person pedal powered boat, facing forwards with hands free, to quietly cruise their sheltered inland waterways at a relaxed walking pace, in a healthy ergonomic and ecologically benign way.

The hull is based on a marriage of two traditional boat forms; the simple Chinese "three panel" sanpan with the narrow bow of the Norwegian pram. It's made of plywood with softwood framing available at the local lumber yard and mechanical components mostly off the shelf from the neighborhood hardware store and bike shop, which involve chiefly metal drilling, filing and hacksaw work. The propeller, of large diameter and low rpm (to maximize the efficient use of the limited sustained typical human power output of 0.2hp), is made of laminated plywood.

The construction plans and building procedures on 14 11"x17" sheets, are \$120, post-paid. From Philip Thiel, Sea/Land Design, 4720 Seventh Ave NE, Seattle, WA 98105.



When my wife and I raced our Tornado catamaran, part of setting up was the raising of the mast. The mast step was hinged and all one needed to do was insert the hinge pin, make sure the back stays were secured, raise the top end of the mast a bit and then the other person pulled on a line attached to the forestay. Lowering the mast was a reverse of the process. Sound simple? Well, it wasn't all of the time. While at a regatta, we saw what happens when someone forgets to attach the stays while raising a mast on a Hobie 16 and the mast simply comes on forward toward the person pulling on the line connected to the forestay.

Another approach is the tabernacle, which is a husky version of the step hinge. A third approach I read about in an article about it being used in the sailing craft on the Norfolk Broads where the mast is counter weighted and uses an internal block and tackle rig to lower and raise the it. To allow this to happen, the mast hinges aft with the mast foot (which has the counterbalance weight on it) swinging up through an opening in the foredeck.

The idea of using a counterbalance weight with an area that opens on the foredeck may not be that useful in offshore boats, as the seal would need to be quite good when going to weather in any kind of sea. However, according to one report on the idea, "I've sailed those boats on the Norfolk Broads and the system works well, it handles the bridges nicely. Sane types pull to the bank, lower the mast, drift through the bridge and go to the bank again to raise the mast. Some bold types sail smartly toward the bridge, lower the mast, coast through and raise it on the other side, getting it right is important, no time for do overs!" Perhaps some of our readers have sailed with this type of mast arrangement and would like to comment on the pros and cons of the idea?

I have two Groco SV-750 Full Flow flanged seacocks. One of them had a stripped bolt and thread connection on one side. I emailed the Groco people, sent them a jpg photo of the device and received the following information:

"That is normally a 1/4-20 bolt. Use a 1/4-20 bottom tap, some oil and a gentle touch. It

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

should be easy to repair or send it to us and we will fix it, no charge, you pay shipping. That seacock design is no longer available, but if it is otherwise serviceable (the rubber plug is OK), I will be willing to exchange it for one we have as a historical sample. The stripped thread will do no harm as a sample. You pay the shipping charge from Baltimore."

I asked if they would send me the brass bolt, as getting a compatible metal locally was not a good option. I was sent two bolts and two machine screws of the proper size and thread pitch and the "Maintenance, Parts and Assembly" information at no charge. After I cleaned the thread connection, the new machine screw went in and held quite nicely. Thanks to John Cly at Groco, I now have two working seacocks. Now for a boat to use them in.

Coming to you shortly will be devices capable of using the newer Global Navigational Satellite System (GNSS) which include all the positional satellites available instead of just those put in orbit by the US. The addition of Russian and Chinese GPS satellites will improve our positional accuracy as our device will have more "points in the sky" sending down signals to the receiver. On the other side of satellite navigation is a very interesting site that deals with solar wind and other electromagnetic radiation from the sun that could render the current satellite technology into orbital debris found at SpaceWeather.com.

I needed to cut some large diameter PVC pipe. Getting a clean cut with a hand-saw is always a trick. A while back, I watched a plumber use a special tool to cut PVC pipe in the same manner that we cut copper tubing. I thought about the tool he used and went into my plumbing tool collection. I have a device designed to cut copper tubing from

5/8" to 2 5/8". I gave it a try and had a nice, clean and straight cut through the PVC pipe. It took a little while and I had to allow for the width of the cut of the "blade," but it worked. No more trying to cut with a fine tooth hand-saw. I will get out one of my two tube cutters and be done with the project.

A question came up the other day on the power consumption of some devices on a boat. My reference to such questions is *Boatowner's Energy Planner: How to Make and Manage Electrical Energy on Board*, by Kevin Jeffrey, published in 1991 by International Marine/Seven Seas. The ISBN is 0-915160-63-3. Chapter 13 deals with estimating a boat's energy load.

A boat's battery(ies) are rated in amp-hours while most devices are rated for time of use. Thus, a 5amp device running for one hour equals 5amp-hours of consumption. The following formulas come from one of the many web sites on the subject:

Converting Watts to Amps:

The conversion of watts to amps is governed by the equation Amps = Watts/Volts. For example, 12watts/12 volts = 1amp.

Converting Amps to Watts:

The conversion of amps to watts is governed by the equation Watts = Amps x Volts. For example 1amp x 110volts = 110watts.

Converting Watts to Volts:

The conversion of watts to volts is governed by the equation Volts = Watts/Amps. For example 100watts/10amps = 10volts

Converting Volts to Watts:

The conversion of volts to watts is governed by the equation Watts = Amps x Volts. For example 1.5amps x 12volts = 18watts

Converting Volts to Amps at Fixed Watts:
The conversion of volts to amps is governed by the equations Amps = Watts/Volts. For example 120 watts/10volts = 1.09amps

Converting Amps to Volts at Fixed Watts:
The conversion of amps to volts is governed by the equation Volts = Watts/Amps. For Example, 48watts/12 amps = 4volts

Pick the conversion website of your choice and enter the numbers for your device (amps, volts, watts or any two) and you will get an answer. Or use your hand calculator and figure things out as needed.

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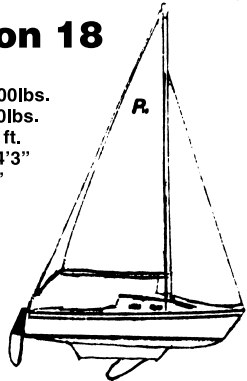
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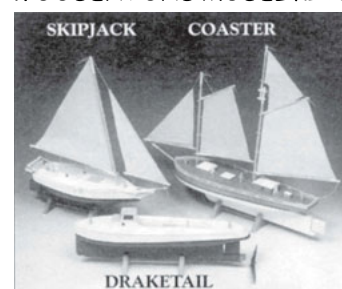
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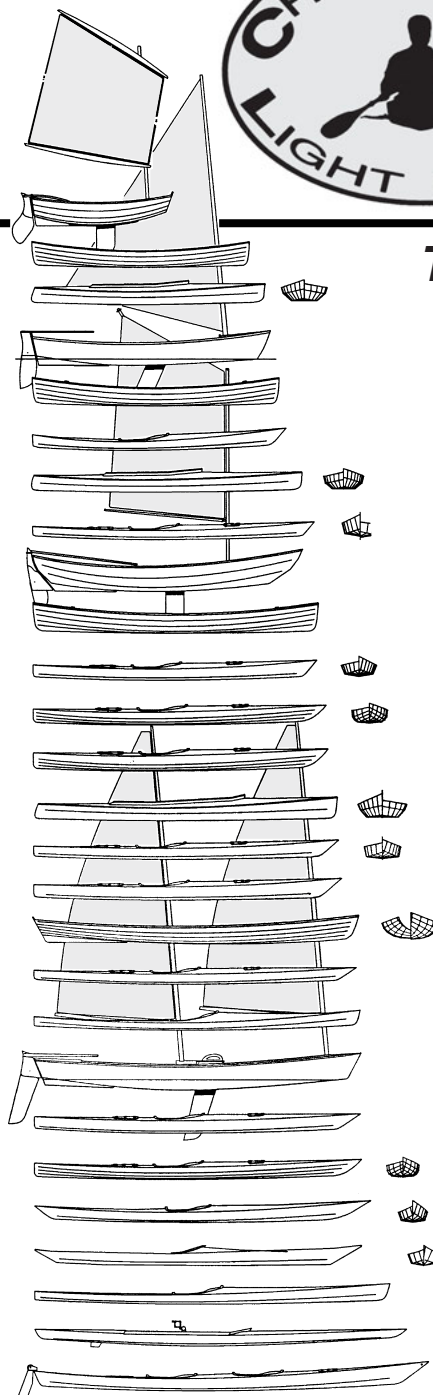
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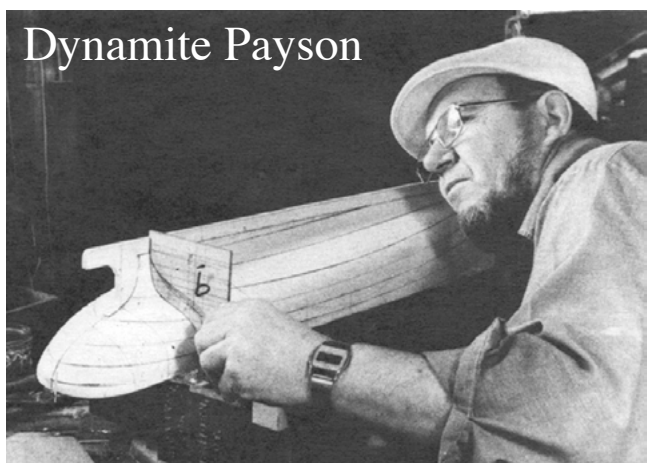
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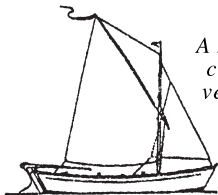
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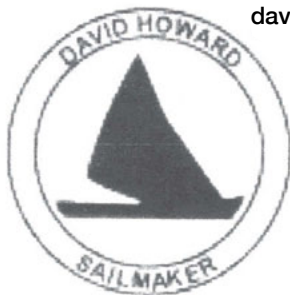
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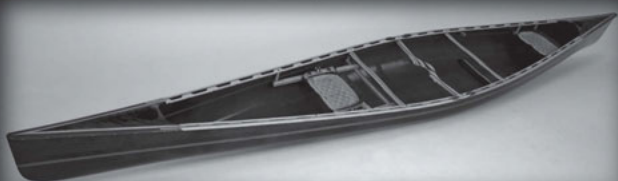
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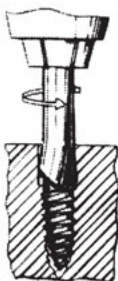
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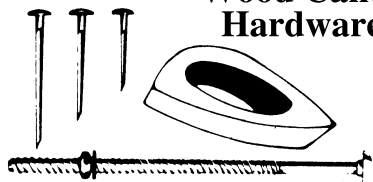
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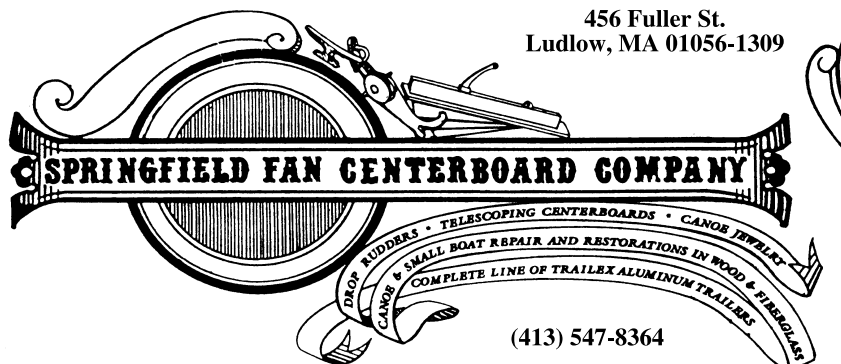
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Upcoming Shows

July 28-31 Harborfest, Oswego, NY **
Aug 5-7 Antique Boat Show, Clayton, NY **
Aug 12-14 Maine Boats & Harbors, Rockland, ME **
Aug 20-21 Garrison Art Center, Garrison NY
Oct 6-10 US Sailboat Show, Annapolis MD
Oct 13-16 US Powerboat Show, Annapolis MD

** Indicates On-Water demos

Steve, about four or five springs ago we met on Lake Dora in Tavares, Florida where I test rowed and then purchased an ivory guideboat. Since that time I have put a few miles on the boat on lakes around where I live in Winter Park. I have also made three journeys on the St. John's River, the latest being last week. I'm sorry I have no pictures to send, but my river-row was solo and there's no way of getting shots of me rowing the boat ... cypress trees, ospreys, alligators and an occasional passing bass-boat probably wouldn't be of interest. It took about five weeks for me to get into condition for my latest rowing adventure and it really paid off. My first stroke (out of the Sanford Marina) was at 8 a.m., about an hour later than I had planned. By that time the wind was blowing a good 15 to 18 knots and coming out of the west. I had to row directly into the wind to cross the four miles of open waters of Lake Monroe. After reaching the more sheltered waters of the St. John's River, it was eight more miles to my destination, Highbanks Marina. I stopped once to relieve myself in the cypress trees on the river bank, and while doing so a very large gator came across the river to "observe." He stopped about thirty feet from where I was standing, but submarined when I got back into the boat. When I reached my turnaround point of Highbanks, I tied up for a thirty minutes rest and picnic lunch before shoving off for my return trip back to Sanford Marina. On the way back to Sanford I caught an occasional tailwind, but I was now rowing against the slow moving current. When I reached Lake Monroe, this time, I thought wind would be at my back. I was looking forward to the relief of sailing across the lake. No such luck ... the wind had shifted just enough to be a cross wind, causing me to do a lot of one armed rowing. Lake Monroe is fairly shallow, and the steady winds created one to two foot rollers that made it seem more like I was rowing in the ocean. There was never any concern about the boat tipping or swamping ... all I had to do was stay focused on stroking through it and getting across the lake. The same was true on the river when a couple of ocean-going sport-fishing yachts passed by and threw some huge wakes at me. To my surprise, I found that the guideboat liked taking these huge wakes broadside, and just float over them like a duck. Based on my simple GPS, the round trip was 24 miles. It took me seven hours of constant rowing to complete the round trip and by rough calculations about 8,400 strokes. My time would have surely been better if not for the wind. By Adirondack standards this was no real feat, but seeing as how I will be 75 years old in six months I feel pretty good about it. Like I told my son when he asked me why I did it, I told him that when it's over I feel so tired and wiped out that I know that I'm alive ... that and feeling pretty good about knowing what I had accomplished. Lots of folks ask me what kind of canoe it is, and that gives me an opportunity to tell them about the builder and the history of the design ... probably a little more information than they wanted. When I first brought the boat home, one of my granddaughters kept calling the guideboat a canoe, and I kept insisting that it was not a canoe ... she finally decided to call it the "not-a-canoe."

Regards, Bill Branner, Winter Park, FL